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The Steam Car May Save Us

Jack Anderson *on* Merce Cunningham
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LETTERS

wrong arguments

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: You are right. [Editorial, "G for George," *The Nation*, Feb. 2.] G. Harrold Carswell has neither national experience nor a judicial record of any distinction, whether the criterion be legal or liberal eminence. . . .

But make the case fairly. Judge Carswell's "bubbly" wife, the color of his house, and his interest in sports have nothing to do with his qualifications. There is no need to disparage his educational background by explaining that it "will assure Middle America: Duke and Mercer University Law School (in Macon, Ga., in case you have difficulty placing it"). One need not wonder whether anyone can "name offhand his best-known opinion—about anything." And there is no reason to consider twelve years on the federal bench "some slight judicial experience." The two Southern judges whom you prefer, for instance, William Miller and Frank Johnson, Jr., have been on the bench fifteen years rather than twelve. Is that so much better? Their schools are the University of Tennessee and Yale, Massey Business College (Birmingham) and the University of Alabama. But so what? And who, offhand, can name *their* best-known opinions? . . .

Your opposition to Judge Carswell, which I share, is grounded in a predilection for liberalism and legal distinction. But your arguments appear too largely the product of New York provincialism and universally specious reasoning. *Charles A. Miller*

one earth

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Gene Marine's "Politics of the Environment" [*The Nation*, Jan. 26] touched upon one point that has hitherto been given little attention: the fact that the issue of ecology is able to draw people of diverse views into a community. . . . Recently, here at the University of Michigan, members of SDS and students of the College of Engineering concerned about the environment, got together for a discussion. Though nothing monumental was resolved, it was agreed that there *was* a problem, and some groundwork for further discussion was laid—by two groups which had hitherto had nothing but animosity for each other.

I do not, of course, look at such communication as a panacea; there are too many Americans infected with "the comfortable disease of progress." But at least it will to some extent offset the efforts of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew to divide us further. *Bruce Mocking*

aim of the Left

Lancaster, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I must strongly take issue with Peter Clecak's position, in his review of Tom Hayden's *Rebellion and Repression* [*The Nation*, Jan. 12] that "The central and modest aim of the Left must be to survive and perhaps learn from the vast majority of people it effectively excludes from its ranks.". . .

The central and modest aim of the Left must be to *grow*. Further, experience has shown that the Left has grown dramatically through application of the tactics of nonviolent direct action. And, in addition, nonviolent direct action has progressed in militance and effectiveness, i.e., acts of draft file liberation. Added all together, I would say that the Left must continue to take direct action against injustice—draft boards, corporations, schools—in the process disrupting the workings of the capitalistic monster at the same time that growth of the Left occurs as consciousness is heightened. *Ted Glick*

EDITORIALS

A Question of Priorities

On a cursory reading, President Nixon's message to Congress, dealing with the degradation of the country's physical environment and measures for its rehabilitation, gives the impression of a statesmanlike contribution. This is an issue that the President has been riding hard—in his State of the Union message, in his highly publicized (and highly political) visit to Chicago to view the environmental abuse in that area, and in the complaints filed by the Justice Department, charging eleven companies with polluting the Illinois waterways. But given Mr. Nixon's penchant for the political equivalent of playing to the gallery, will very much be done to improve the environment in the near future? Or will some mild assaults on pollution, which is execrated by everyone but is in fact an integral part of the free enterprise system, be used as a distraction from the vast military expenditures which the Nixon Administration has in the works, and the indefinite prolongation of the Vietnamese War?

The pollution problem is enormously complex, and that makes it ideal for partisan political purposes. Improvement will not be manifest on a national scale for years; each party will have ample opportunity to blame the other for the lack of progress. Mr. Nixon has indulged in a bit of such caviling himself. On February 6, in Chicago, he charged that since adoption of the Clean Waters Act of 1966, authorizations for programs have been three times as great as appropriations. This amounted to saying that the Democrats had promised three times as much as they had delivered. "One decision we made today," Mr. Nixon declared, "is that we are going to close the action gap. We are going to authorize funds but we are also going to appropriate funds. We are not going to make promises for action and not keep those promises." Mr. Nixon followed this pronouncement by urging an end to party bickering in the fight on pollution, but it was hardly a promising start toward taking the environment out of politics. Democrats and Republicans know each other too well for any such fraternal effort; in particular, the Democrats know Mr. Nixon too well.

The technical difficulties of cleaning up the environment (air, water, solid waste management, and providing parklands) are enormous. At least three principal obstructions stand in the way. One is the indurated American habit of abusing the environment for private gain or, in small ways, simply out of thoughtlessness. A second obstacle is that the effort has assumed serious proportions so late that incalculable damage has already been done. A third reason for guarding against undue optimism is that our population growth is not slowing down rapidly enough. One has only to look at the national parks. In the thirties, in part because of the depression, the

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parks were what they were intended to be—unspoiled areas of great beauty where people could escape the tensions of city life. Even after World War II that was the general situation, but what has happened since can be gauged by the catastrophic conditions in Yosemite during recent summers.

The inescapable conclusion is that a massive, even a painful, effort must be exerted to clean up the environment, and although Mr. Nixon has raised the ante somewhat in his message to the Congress, there is no sign that he is willing to cut "defense" down to size and mount a gigantic national program to abolish poverty, make the inner cities livable again, *and* clean up the environment.

The suspicion persists that the President is more interested in posing as a great reformer than in being one. For treatment plants to purify our streams his proposed expenditures are clearly inadequate. The federal government is to put up $4 billion over a period of four years, provided the states will put up $6 billion in the same period. If a municipality cannot float the bond issue required, the federal government will buy the bonds and replace the amount with its own bonds. The total of $10 billion is still far less than the amount provided in Senator Muskie's bill, which calls for a federal expenditure of $12.5 billion in five years, with state and local governments matching that amount. Muskie's proposal for this one sector of pollution control calls for $25 billion to be expended over five years, compared with Mr. Nixon's $10 billion to be expended over four years. Year by year, Mr. Muskie wants to spend twice as much as does Mr. Nixon.

In the meantime, measures for increasing pollution, as in the development of the supersonic transport, go on apace. For all these reasons, and others that experts will no doubt adduce, rejoicing over the President's message would be premature.

Such Ingratitude!

One reason for the present debility of the House of Representatives is that its 78-year-old Speaker, John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, is so far out of touch with political reality he cannot see that the House, and therefore the country, would benefit by his retirement. Although everyone in Congress knows this, few say it aloud. It is odd that in a country so youth-oriented excessive deference to age should persist in the principal legislative body.

Happily this veneration is not universal. Rep. Jerome R. Waldie (D., Calif.), aged 44 and a second-termer, has served notice that he will challenge the Speaker's tenure at a forthcoming Democratic caucus. In a letter to McCormack, Waldie said that he does not regard him as "responsive to the problems of the 1970s" and would on that account offer a resolution of no confidence. Every other institution in America, Waldie told McCormack, has tried to revamp its procedures to deal with the crucial problems of the decade, but the House "too often does

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not even note the existence of these problems." So he is challenging the entire leadership—not only McCormack, but also Majority Leader Carl Albert and the Democratic Whip Hale Boggs, both Southerners.

Of course the resolution has no chance of passage, and many members who are in sympathy with it feel it is badly timed in mid-Congress. They would prefer a showdown next January, at the start of the new Congress. As experience teaches, however, in such matters several failures invariably precede success.

In his reply to Waldie, McCormack complains that his younger colleague has expressed thanks for personal kindness on McCormack's part but still asks for his removal. "I have found in the journey of life," McCormack muses, "that 98 per cent of the people are appreciative of things done for them and not lacking in gratitude." That statement alone should disqualify him for further tenure. He seems to regard politics as a succession of *quid pro quos*—which too often it is—but what has gratitude for past favors to do with the vital business of government? Mr. McCormack is contributing to the enfeeblement of the Democratic Party and damaging the stability of the two-party system. Mr. Waldie deserves great credit for taking the initiative in this matter.

Sand for the People

A decision by the Oregon Supreme Court, reaffirming public use of the dry sands along the Pacific coastline, may provide impetus to other coastal states interested in opening private beaches to the people. The Miami Beach (Florida) *Times* carried a story headlined "Landmark Decision by Oregon Court Would Remove Hotel Barriers." As everyone who has been there or read the literature knows, the almost 10 miles of sandy Atlantic oceanfront are for the exclusive use of the swank hotel and apartment house occupants.

Jay Dermer, Mayor of Miami, upon learning of the Oregon decision, called a press conference to declare that the ruling made across the continent might gain him the cutting tool to retrieve for the public "the free use of all the beaches in this city." In a telephone interview with Malcolm Bauer, editorial writer for *The Oregonian* (Portland) Mayor Dermer said: "I am convinced . . . that what has proved a proper course for the people of Oregon will prove the proper course for the people of Florida. . . . I feel the Oregon Case will become law in all of our states one day."

There is a vast difference between the situation in Florida (and most other coastal states) and Oregon. In Florida, for example, most of the finest beachland has for decades been expropriated for private use. In Oregon, the coast was until recently "undeveloped." For many years Oregonians believed that all but a small fraction of the approximately 400 miles of coastline belonged to the people. The littoral had been secured for the state early in the 1920s by Oregon's greatest and most colorful Governor, the late Oswald West.

So the matter rested until, late in the 1960s, private developers began encroaching upon the beaches, and some motels roped off parts of the beach "for private use only." This set off a storm of protest and controversy, which finally reached the highest court of the state. The developers argued, in the words of the court, "that because of the relative brevity of our political history it is inappropriate to rely upon an English doctrine that requires greater antiquity than a newly settled land can claim."

In reply, the Oregon justices declared that use of the dry sands began long before the first white men arrived. "The first European settlers on these shores found the aboriginal inhabitants using the foreshore for clam-digging and the dry sand area for their cooking fires. The newcomers continued these customs after statehood." The court added that it was not necessary to prove customary use by such resort to antiquity.

Oregon still faces a hard struggle to preserve the beauty and recreational utilization of its marine border. (Unless many private access roads are made public, the free use of the dry sands will be partially negated. Roadside slums need cleaning up. And gorgeous seascapes are being obliterated from roadviewing by the construction of multi-story buildings.) But at least a beginning has been made, and all roped-off areas have been unroped.

In many states only a tiny segment of the sandlands are open to the people. The result has been glutted public beaches. One of the issues of the 1970s—the last-ditch decade for ecological survival in this country—will be to gain more breathing room, more recreational space for the agglutinated masses. Opening of private coast holdings to the public will be an important part of that issue. In its landmark decision the Oregon Supreme Court has given all coastal states a sharp cutting blade.

The Great Economizer

Almost every politician comes into office promising economy in government, but typically once he is elected he turns into a spender. President Nixon is no exception. While balancing the budget and cutting back on Health, Education and Welfare Department expenditures, Mr. Nixon splurges on anti-ballistic missile systems and—surprisingly for a supposedly astute politician—on some palpably unnecessary items of a semi-personal nature.

It costs a lot to run the White House; it is difficult to determine just how much. According to the Budget Bureau, as reported by Robert Walters in the Washington *Star*, the last two White House office budgets submitted by Lyndon B. Johnson (he who went around turning off lights) listed only 250 persons working in the office sections of the White House. By contrast, ninety-five such employees are currently carried in an unlisted category as "Special

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Projects" and another 273 have been "detailed from other federal agencies," i.e., they were "on loan" from these departments, carried on departmental budgets but spending all or most of their time at the White House.

Mr. Nixon's aides, engaged as always in burnishing his public image, claim that "in the interest of candor and accuracy" the fiscal 1971 budget lists the full cost of maintaining the White House offices and providing services for the President and his family. This includes his salary ($200,000 plus a $50,000 expense allowance), the salaries of his professional aides, clerical help, gardeners, housekeepers, mechanics, domestics, et al., all adding up to $11.2 million. However, this relatively modest figure does not include funding of more than a dozen agencies directly responsible to the President, such as the Budget Bureau itself, the Council of Economic Advisers, the National Security Council, etc. Nor does it include more than $11 million for Secret Service protection of the White House, the Executive Office Building (and foreign diplomatic missions in Washington), an amount double the 1970 authorization of $5.48 million. Also not included are various special funds and expense accounts; nor is anything said about Air Force 1 and the Presidential helicopters.

Any taxpayer who thinks Mr. Nixon has cut minor expenses to the bone should have another look. The ridiculous uniforms with which he had his "palace guard" outfitted ran to $23,000. The San Clemente compound, the chief purpose of which is to insure, so far as possible, California's electoral vote for Mr. Nixon in 1972, involves "fixed costs" to the government of $250,000, and other items. At Mr. Nixon's Key Biscayne residence there is a 2-acre heliport 100 feet from the property line, but the Army Corps of Engineers spent $342,000 to build an offshore heliport, which includes security devices and mooring for the Presidential yacht.

We would not expect Mr. Nixon to deny himself any of the perquisites of his office. It seems odd, however, that he is not alert to the symbolic importance of these small—and not so small—tax-eating items. The citizen has no yardstick for measuring public expenditures in the billions, but he can readily compare his domestic overhead with that of the President.

Split in the Fusion

Those surprised by the vote of New York City Council President Sanford Garelik against Mayor Lindsay's appointment of Robert Morgenthau as third deputy mayor will not have read Theodore Lowi's open letter to Mr. Lindsay in *The Nation* of December 8. In that message of friendly concern, Mr. Lowi warned the Mayor: "You are now a man without a party. And you will soon discover, as fusionist mayors have discovered in the past, that the fusion base is woefully evanescent."

Of Mr. Garelik specifically, he observed: "It is said that Inspector Garelik is an outsider among cops, but don't you believe it. . . . There is also a professional and organizational reality which all career cops have shared and continue to share." Mr. Garelik has said that his objection to the Morgenthau appointment stems entirely from his belief that the job he has been assigned to perform—liaison with the state and federal governments—is already provided for in the city's administrative organization. However, others close to the administration point out that Mr. Morgenthau comes directly from his post as United States Attorney, and regard it as natural that Mr. Garelik should fear the newcomer would invade the public safety area, which the former chief inspector of the police department regards as his specialty.

Negative action by the Board of Estimate would not necessarily reverse Mr. Morgenthau's appointment. It would, however, oblige Mr. Lindsay to fund the new office out of his executive budget.

THE MANY FRONTS OF ISRAEL

ANTHONY P. HATCH
Mr. Hatch is now returning to New York after twenty months in Israel, where he covered developments in the Middle East for C.B.S. News.

Jerusalem

For the Israelis, 1970 began most auspiciously. Events followed one another in quick succession: the arrival in Haifa of the five French-built gunboats, the disclosure that a 7-ton radar station had been taken intact from the Egyptians, the capture of twenty-one soldiers and civilians from a village in southern Lebanon. Taken together, these coups gave a major boost to morale at a time when it was needed. For despite the military successes, one senses here a growing premonition that not only is Israel becoming more isolated from former friends in the world community but also that the decade ahead will not see peace but rather another war with the Arabs.

This pessimism is widespread, and not only in Israel. In a major report published last fall by the Center for International Studies at M.I.T., William Griffith wrote that "Israel wants peace, but on its own terms, which, because they include Israel retaining much if not all of the territory it now holds,

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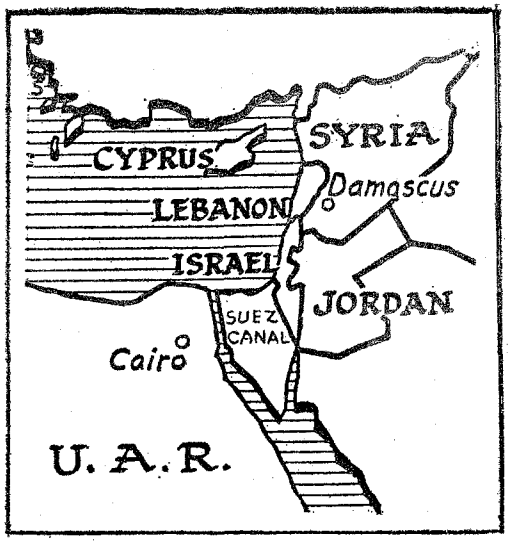
there is no chance that the Arab leaders will, or can, accept." The report is especially interesting because it is believed to have provided what the *Jerusalem Post* referred to as the blueprint for the Nixon Administration's Mideast policy. It states further that "reviving Arab militance . . . is interacting with rising Israeli intransigence to produce an unmistakable dynamic escalation toward another Israeli preemptive war."

A review of the current situation on Israel's borders supports Griffith's gloomy forecast. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan said in January that "Egypt is the only country which can start another war, and our main objective is to deny it, not only to stop them if they try to push us from our position but to maintain such a situation that they won't feel they are ready to start another war." The Egyptian, or western front, thus commands most attention here.

In Sinai, Israel is firmly entrenched along most of the Suez Canal in heavily fortified bunkers—built in part from the foundations of a former railroad line—which can withstand direct hits from Egyptian heavy artillery. From these positions the Israelis guard an irregular line that sometimes runs along the water's edge, where troops engaged in patrols and digging-in operations are in great peril.

This Bar-Lev line (so named for Israel's army chief of staff) has been held by Israel, but at a price. What is happening to Egypt now, say the Israelis, is the direct result of the constant shellings and snipings along the canal. Last summer, President Nasser's declared war of attrition was taking a costly toll; in one recorded five-week period, for instance, twenty-one Israelis were killed and seventy-six injured on that front. Israel's response was a new pattern of attack, which on September 9 carried the "war" into Egypt. On that day Israeli units were dispatched on a miniature invasion, complete with landing craft, armored half-tracks, tanks and air support. The task force, which went ashore on the Egyptian side of the Suez Gulf, destroyed fortifications and radar along one section of the coast, to the accompaniment of so much bloodshed that an Israeli journalist who accompanied the soldiers was later criticized for his graphic description of the attack. After more than ten hours the Israelis withdrew, with no losses in men or equipment. The action not only punched a hole in Egyptian air defenses but prepared the way for further actions during the fall and winter, including the now famed December 26 raid in which a Russian-made radar station was cut from its foundations and carried off by helicopter.

The September 9 action also initiated an almost daily series of air attacks on Egyptian fortifications along the canal and the gulf whereby, Israeli officials later announced, almost all radar stations and other air defense installations were destroyed. These included such sophisticated Russian equipment as radar-directed anti-aircraft cannon and SA-2 ground to air missiles.



Lenz, Christian Science Monitor

Israeli commanders have repeatedly stressed that the continuous pounding has a "cumulative" rather than immediate effect. Another phase of this attack pattern, in the first month of the new year, was a series of massive air and commando strikes in the Nile delta, Egypt's heartland, and on targets near the southern tip of the Sinai peninsula.

The raids in the delta will undoubtedly continue and probably will increase in intensity. From extensive photo reconnaissance (one plane reportedly returned from a mission over Cairo last summer with highly defined pictures of President Nasser's private residence), Israel has a detailed list of targets. These include "soft" objectives, such as the rear military and supply bases being struck at now, and "hard" targets like airfields and munitions storage centers which presumably would be the first to go in a preemptive strike. Civilian targets, according to Dayan, will be avoided for the present, unless Cairo chooses to strike at Israeli population centers.

The key to success in the area is air power and in that Israel clearly holds the lead. The static defense is being maintained along the canal, but for the immediate future, Israel will carry the attack to the very outskirts of the Egyptian capital.

Though geographically different, Israel's static defense along the Jordan cease-fire line is somewhat the same as that along the Suez. Compared to the canal the Jordan is more a stream than a river, which Arab infiltrators cross with comparative ease during the summer months when the water level is low. To minimize incursions along the eastern front, Israel has, since the Six Day War, established a series of Nahal (paramilitary) settlements and an electronic warning fence of the type envisioned for use in Vietnam by former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

The Jordan Legion, regarded by some Israeli military commanders as the best disciplined Arab troops in the Mideast, has done relatively little fighting,

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leaving most of the action to irregulars belonging to Al Fatah, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and other commando organizations. But an equally serious threat to Israeli civilian settlements and military posts along the border is the long-range artillery operated not only by Jordanian regulars but by Iraqi and Syrian units now stationed along the front. The danger is obvious to anyone visiting settlements in the Jordan and Beit She'an valleys, where elaborate trench and shelter systems crisscross the *kibbutzim*, where apartment houses in the larger communities are sandbagged, and where children regularly sleep below ground.

As on the Egyptian front, Israeli air power commands the sky over Jordan; King Hussein's limited air force has taken virtually no action against Israel since the 1967 war. This has given Israeli pilots a seemingly unlimited choice of targets, one of the most attractive being the East Ghor irrigation canal, a life line of the Jordan economy. Israeli attacks (one of them a ground raid) twice damaged the multimillion-dollar waterway in 1969 and a third strike put it out of action early this year. Twice, both countries agreed through a third party that if Israel allowed Jordanian engineers to make the necessary repairs, Jordanian shelling of Israeli settlements in the area would cease. After each Israeli attack, Jerusalem charged that Jordan had violated the agreement. It is a question whether Mrs. Meir's government will accept such an arrangement again.

Until recently the Syrian front, in contrast to the Jordan-Israel line, has remained relatively quiet. The Golan Heights has become a major tourist attraction, Israeli settlements have blossomed in what had been mine fields, and the former Syrian town of Kuneitra stands silent and empty in the middle of a vast plain. There is no doubt that the Heights will remain in Israeli hands; no one here can forget how the *kibbutzim* in the valley below were subjected to constant bombardment, nor the costly fight to win the area from the Syrians during the Six Day War. In a speech last month to the World Jewish Congress, the Defense Minister reflected the popular sentiment when he declared: "As for the Golan Heights, I'm for staying there for good . . . for permanent settlement."

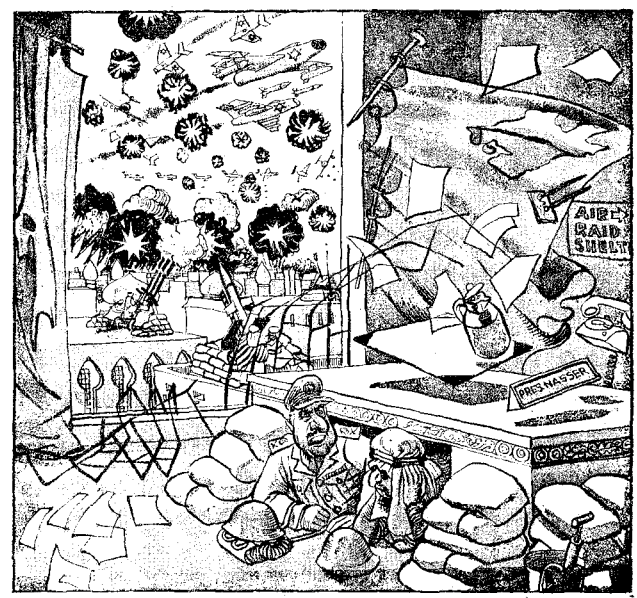
Syrian units have been almost dormant in this sector, exposed as they are to Israeli air domination. To drive the point home, Israeli Phantoms buzzed the Syrian capital early this year, shattering plate-glass windows and reportedly injuring many persons. The Syrians retaliated by buzzing Haifa.

Israeli concern is now being directed to a fourth front—the Lebanese border. When I drove along the frontier road from Metulla, Israel's northernmost community, to Rosh Hanikra on the Mediterranean six months ago, I saw almost no Israeli military in the area. Israeli motorized patrols are more in evidence today and a building program to strengthen civilian and army fortifications is being pushed ahead. Less than a week after a New Year's bombardment of six settlements in the area, Israel's cost-conscious government budgeted $71,000 for defense structures in Metulla alone.

The area along Israel's northern front has traditionally been the most quiet, but last year Arab commandos, trained and supplied in Syria, began entering Lebanon to take up positions in camps and permanent settlements, from where they could operate against Israel without interference from the Lebanese army. The Israeli raid on Beirut airport in 1968 was the beginning of a continuous series of warnings followed by reprisal raids against Lebanon. In the closing days of 1969 Dayan issued another warning that Lebanese leaders should learn the lesson of the destroyed towns and villages along the Egyptian side of the Suez Canal and the Jordanian side of the Jordan River. Israel can ill afford to fight on a fourth front, and one where there are no natural barriers like a canal or river; but neither can Beirut afford to forget that sooner or later Dayan's warnings are translated into military action.

The Defense Minister actually has more than four fronts on his mind. No less disturbing than the external battle lines is the obvious evolution of a well-financed, if not militarily successful, Palestinian guerrilla movement which now seems to be gathering followers from the Israeli Arab community. Most people here were willing to accept the fact that the 1 million Arabs living in Israeli-occupied areas since the 1967 war might be hostile. But the fact that, as Dayan has said, the "terrorists have struck roots" among the local population has shocked many Israelis. The continued action on the borders, together with terrorist strikes within the country itself, has caused, I believe, the prevailing pessimism.

Most Israelis I have met in the past twenty months subscribe to "keeping things as they are." In the



Macpherson, Toronto Star

"This Is the Sort of Thing That Could Cause War"

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continued absence of any concrete peace initiatives from either side, matters which had formerly been open to debate now seem beyond discussion. The occupied Arab territories are being settled by Jews. The punishments meted out to suspected Arab terrorists have been criticized by many thoughtful citizens, but a full debate on the issue in the Knesset (Israel's parliament) was overwhelmingly voted down. Israel's answer on the question of Jerusalem is total annexation; Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon told the Knesset last December that "no part of East Jerusalem [the former Jordanian sector] and certainly no part of the Old City is closed to Jewish settlement."

In his report, William Griffith writes that "although among politically conscious Israelis there is a widespread feeling that opportunities for peace in 1967 and 1968 were lost, there is no politically influential group . . . working in favor of a genuine compromise with the Arabs. Nor is such a trend toward compromise likely to gain much strength. Even most of those Israelis who are regretful of lost opportunities and fear the consequences for Israeli society of continuing intransigence feel there is really no other alternative. Their increasing feeling of personal insecurity, caused by greater [terrorist] and Egyptian military activity, contribute to this resignation."

As the resignation grows, so does a national feeling of betrayal by the world at large. The French arms embargo and the selling of military hardware to Libya top the current list, which also includes American "interference" in proposing a peace settlement, Greek Government "appeasement" of Arab hijackers, British journalists and "slanted" B.B.C. reporting, Swiss collusion in the El Al trial, the International Air Line Pilots Association, "Amnesty International" and the United Nations.

The danger is that as the months drag on and 1970 turns out to be nothing more than a political and military extension of the preceding years, a fourth war will approach Israel's uneasy borders. "There is no danger of an imminent all-out confrontation with the Arab countries," General Bar-Lev said recently; but he then added, "there is always the possibility of some fundamental changes or developments within the Arab countries which could trigger off a confrontation in its wake."

In such a fourth round Israel is almost sure to win a military victory, as it did in 1948, 1956 and 1967. But at what price? The tragedy for Israel is as great today as it was after the first of the conflicts twenty-two years ago. Instead of winning a peace it has only won three wars. It can hardly hope to profit from winning a fourth. □

ARMS AND EMPLOYMENT

KICKING THE DEFENSE HABIT

JAMES J. TREIRES

Mr. Treires has been an economist with the federal government for nearly twenty years, most of them with the Departments of Labor and Commerce. He has been concerned mainly with long-range employment trends and economic development.

A persistent theme in the snowballing opposition to the war in Vietnam is that, if we are to prevent serious internal collapse, we must divert the $30 billion it costs each year to our pressing domestic needs. The cities are dirty, disorganized, congested, crime-ridden. Population pressure and escalating pollution threaten to stifle us in our own wastes. Most Americans—but especially the young—sense that we are drifting toward chaos. College students, confronted with statistical trends, seriously doubt that there will even *be* a future for them if things continue on their present course.

The cure for these problems seems simple and obvious: stop the war, reduce the military establishment, and pour the saved billions into an all-out attack on the internal social problems. If the United States can put a man on the moon, we are told, it can also solve any other problems that it faces with determination.

From the accounting standpoint, that is all true. We have sufficient gross national product (GNP) to restructure the nation in a decade or less, providing we reduce the military outlays. But before we get too hopeful, let us look at the practical difficulties involved in reordering the national priorities.

Most of us learn fairly early in life that it is never prudent to remove a prop until we have another ready to put in its place. If we want to reduce military spending, we had better ask some serious questions about it. How did it get so big? What purposes does it serve? How does it affect the national economy? Why has it been so popular? Having answered those questions, we can ask similar questions about the domestic programs we would substitute for it, and perhaps get a better idea of what the Peace Now people are really up against.

The position I take here is that defense spending is the only time-proven, well-understood mechanism for maintaining high levels of employment in the United States, and that it has therefore quietly and unobtrusively become an end in itself, a pump primer whose magnitude is determined not by an objective assessment of the external threat but by the amount of defense-generated employment required to sustain full employment. Any substitute programs

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or expenditures will therefore be supported only if they can retain the full employment blessing while dispensing with the perpetual warfare curse.

Defense spending not only creates employment; it also has an interesting multiplier effect on the economy. Suppose that the country has a defense budget of only $20 billion, an unemployment rate of 8 per cent and a $500 billion GNP. If the government decides to double the defense budget, it creates not only additional public spending in that amount but a considerable amount of expansion in private industry as a secondary effect. An expansion of defense by $20 billion may thus show up as an increase in GNP of $40 billion, while at the same time the unemployment rate will drop to 4 per cent. The stage is now set for the next step: if the country could afford a $40 billion defense budget on a GNP of $500 billion, now with a GNP of $540 billion, it can afford even more for defense, so let's ask for $44 billion. And so it goes.

The attractiveness of this arrangement is apparent in the statements of many Pentagon spokesmen. A good summary of the basic position was advanced recently by Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, Chief of Naval Operations:

> The bigness of defense, as you know only too well, is a key topic at the present time. Yet, in most of what I see or hear, very little is presented to provide a reasonable perspective. In too many instances, we hear that defense has "gotten out of hand"—that it is too large and far too costly.
>
> What is overlooked or ignored is that while we are very much involved in a conflict that costs somewhere in the area of $30 billion annually, defense gets approximately the same share of the federal budget now that it got ten years ago. The $78 billion defense budget for this fiscal year represents 43 per cent of federal government spending. Ten years ago, the defense budget was $43 billion representing 47 per cent of government spending. . . .
>
> Another fact to be counted lies in the Defense cut of the budget related to the gross national product. It represents about 10 per cent of the total spent on all U.S. goods and services, which, coincidentally, is about the same percentage Americans spend annually on all forms of insurance protection.
>
> It might be noted that the Soviet Union spends 16 per cent of its gross national product on its armed forces! . . .

This argument has been stated in similar terms not only by Defense Secretary Laird but also by his predecessor, Robert McNamara.

Notice that this defense of the military budget is not based on an assessment of national security requirements in the nuclear age; it is based on our ability to pay. It says that the United States can easily afford the current level of spending and, on the implied promise that a country should have as much military strength as it can afford, there is no good reason to retrench.

It may appear to some that the driving force behind high military budgets is the desire of the military itself for more money and prestige. If so, the Defense Department is no different from any other federal agency; they all try to get as much as they can. What must be investigated is why Defense has been *getting* the money from Congress. A little history may be helpful.

The 1930s are ancient history for most Americans. The group now 45 and over (born before 1925) includes most of those who have first-hand knowledge of the Great Depression, and that is approximately 30 per cent of the people. It is, however, the minority group that holds almost all of the leadership positions in the society. President Nixon, who is one of the younger Presidents, was already a young man in the thirties, as was Hubert Humphrey; George Meany was moving into his 40s; even George Wallace was passing through his teens. At the moment, ninety-two of the 100 Senators and four out of five of the Congressmen are 45 or older.

What did these men learn from the depression? A fair analysis of Franklin Roosevelt's first two terms must conclude with the judgment that, despite his dynamic leadership and a massive mobilization of the "best brains" and talents of the nation, the New Deal never succeeded in solving the problem of mass unemployment. In 1932, one out of four Americans was unemployed, and eight years later, despite the sustained efforts of the first administration to attain high employment, the unemployment rate still stood at 15 per cent.

Just as the situation was beginning to look hopeless, Hitler cast his shadow over the Western world, and the United States responded by building an awesome war machine. Defense spending skyrocketed from $1.5 billion in 1940 to $81 billion in 1945, and a fascinating phenomenon intruded itself on the national consciousness: as defense spending goes up, unemployment goes down. Mobilization not only gave the United States the muscle to help destroy the Axis powers; it also solved the basic economic problem, at least for the time being.

No one who lived through that era will ever forget the weird experience of finding a war for national survival, in which nearly 300,000 young men gave their lives and hundreds of thousands more were permanently disabled, to be an unquestionable improvement over what immediately preceded it—economic stagnation, mass unemployment, social chaos and incipient revolution. The war brought hard work, suffering, separation of families, shortages, rationing and a hundred other hardships. But all were to a considerable extent counterbalanced by the great boon that the New Deal had never managed to attain: jobs and income for all Americans.

World War II created in the American subconscious the image of the Good War. The obvious virulence of Nazism called forth a real spirit of national unity that quickly obscured the passions of the bitter class struggles of the thirties, and gave Americans a renewed faith in the future of their democracy. With jobs for everyone at wages that seemed high by prewar standards, and with complete isolation from

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direct enemy action, the "home front" really never had it so good.

V-J Day was greeted by massive public rejoicing, accompanied by some private uneasiness on the part of government economists and officials. Amid all the talk of beating swords into plowshares and meeting pent-up demands for consumer goods, people quietly wondered why the postwar economy should really be much different from the prewar stagnation. Most individuals and many business firms, including Montgomery Ward, tried to delay their buying in the immediate postwar years "until prices come down." The widespread attitude that the wartime boom must give way sooner or later to a postwar bust died hard. When unemployment climbed to 5.9 per cent in 1949, most Americans thought to themselves, "Here we go again." It should be noted that only the year before, the rapid demobilization of the armed forces had brought defense expenditures down to $12 billion. Nobody knew it at the time, but that was to remain the low for the next twenty years.

Just when economic prospects looked darkest, Korea burst into flames, and the United States, in UN clothing, rushed to the rescue. A nation which only five years before had successfully concluded a "total" war and was just getting used to the idea of peace suddenly found itself doing a replay in smaller scale, complete with General MacArthur at the helm, General Hershey running the draft, and Bob Hope entertaining the troops. Thousands of reservists, who had maintained their connection with the armed forces out of nostalgia and the need for a few extra dollars found that their commitment was real.

Although the three-year war ended where it began, with nearly 34,000 Americans killed and 100,000 wounded, and it could be considered neither a victory nor a defeat, its effect on the economy had been unquestionably felicitous. Powered by the upsurge in defense spending to $50 billion in 1953, the nation bounced into another boom, and unemployment fell to 2.9 per cent, the lowest level since 1945. Again a bad situation overseas had created good economic conditions at home.

The lesson began to sink into the government consciousness: if defense spending seems to keep the economy buoyant, why should it be reduced simply because at a given moment we are not at war or in grave danger of war? After all, who really gets hurt if the country overspends for defense?

For the first time in American history the coming of peace was not followed by quick demobilization. From the wartime peak of $50 billion in 1953, defense spending fell only to $40 billion in 1955; it has never gone lower.

Another important change occurred. While the historical meaning of military spending had been men under arms, appropriately equipped with tanks, airplanes, ships and guns, the new approach called for diverting a considerable part of the defense budget directly into private firms to design, develop and produce a variety of new weapons. R&D (research and development) became the new theme and the term "military-industrial complex" made its bow.

This gradual shift from large standing armies to large R&D and procurement contracts had several advantages. It enabled the government to continue to support high employment levels, especially among the more intelligent and hence potentially more restless professional workers, while displaying a public image of a moderate-size defense establishment. It also raised the floor under defense spending by building in a semi-permanent R&D budget which continued year in and year out without specific reference to the state of world tensions.

From 1958 to 1964, unemployment never fell below 5.2 per cent, despite defense budgets which rose from $44 billion to $54 billion. This time it took the war in Vietnam to bring back full employment. After President Johnson decided to send American troops to South Vietnam, unemployment dropped quickly to 3.8 per cent in 1966. Headlines of the day shouted: "Jobless Rate Drops to Lowest Point in Twelve Years," often failing to note that the earlier year was at the peak of the Korean War.

What should be clear from this brief review is that nobody really knows how to achieve full employment, which I arbitrarily define as an unemployment rate of 4 per cent or less, in a peacetime environment. *For the past twenty years, the country has not experienced one year in which unemployment was 4 per cent or below and we were also at peace.* Is it any wonder, therefore, that the idea of reducing defense spending is powerfully resisted? If it is possible to divert resources into other programs and still maintain full employment, why has it never been done?

Before trying to answer that question, here in summary are answers to the questions asked at the outset:

How did defense spending get so big? After World War II and Korea, it became clear that employment depended to some extent on military spending, and a larger defense budget seemed a better alternative than a severe recession or depression.

What purposes does it serve? The defense budget not only maintains high employment but also redistributes income to a large and highly trained and, in terms of domestic needs, essentially surplus work force. Agriculture and manufacturing gained tremendous productive efficiency during and after World War II, and something less than three-fourths of the American labor force could easily feed, clothe, house and provide other necessities for everybody. Without basic changes in working hours and employment practices, this meant mass unemployment again. The defense budget not only solves the problem of numbers but also, through its emphasis on R&D and increasingly complex weapons systems,

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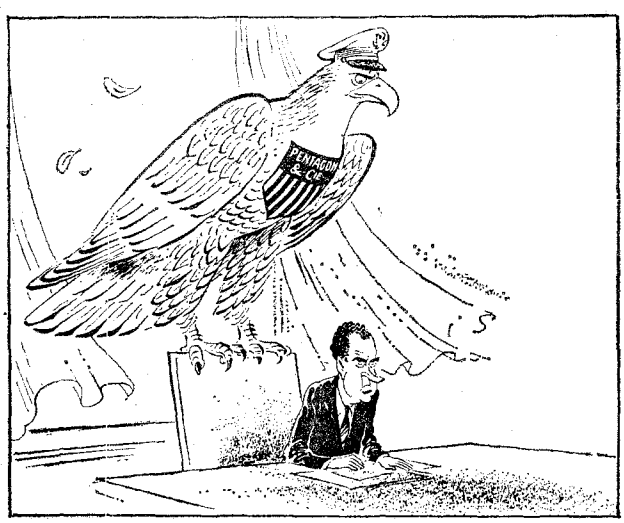
sorts out from the general population those of highest intellectual potential and diverts them into high-paying careers in defense industry. It places a premium on more and more and higher and higher education, which also keeps people out of the labor market longer, and it transforms a potentially anti-Establishment group of intellectuals into a conservative pro-Establishment bloc.

How does it affect the national economy? Because the "products" of the defense industry do not disturb the markets for consumer goods, their increased production has no negative effects on the nation's basic industries. The defense budget is thus a kind of tax on the private economy which is distributed as income to that part of the work force which is surplus in relation to the civilian economy. It follows that the "products" of defense must be pure "waste" in the sense that they have no market value.

Why has it been so popular? This question may appear superfluous in view of the effects of defense spending enumerated above. Senators and Congressmen can vote federal funds for the maintenance of full employment and do so in the name of national



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

defense. Scientists and engineers can draw high pay in glamorous surroundings and be acclaimed the most, rather than the least, productive elements in the work force. Large corporations whose consumer divisions face declining profits can get high-profit defense contracts to help make ends meet. Unionized workers can enjoy better job security and higher pay when unemployment is at low levels. Politicians can direct contracts into firms which prove cooperative when the time for campaign contributions comes around. Colleges and universities, which might otherwise become critical of the war economy, can get their piece of the action from the huge R&D slush fund distributed through the Pentagon.

Who is really hurt by all this? It is that portion of the work force that cannot qualify for college, is unemployed or employed in semi-skilled or unskilled jobs, and is not organized to exert group pressure. This includes most Negroes, Mexican-Americans, poor whites, Puerto Ricans, and all the other low-paid, poorly educated people who man the nation's factories, hospitals, sanitation departments, and other basic production and service establishments.

The strength in the system is that it preserves a kind of twisted meritocracy which insures that young people with more than average ability will have good opportunities for high-paying jobs without being required to relate these jobs to anything like usefulness to the society itself. A grape picker who provides something that no one can live without for long—food—is at the bottom of the scale, while a Ph.D. microbiologist who provides something we might all be better off without—biological weapons—is at the top.

Now I return to the original question, the prospect for cutting defense spending and transferring the funds to programs directed to solving urgent domestic problems. Obviously such a shift will hurt those who benefited most from the swollen defense budget, and they include the most powerful groups.

How difficult the shift will be is indicated indirectly in two stories that appeared in *The Wall Street Journal* a year apart. The first, dated July 5, 1968, was headlined: "When the War Ends: Officials Study Uses for $30 Billion Taken Annually by Vietnam." The article concluded that a lot of people had ideas about what to do with the money, and that prospects for diverting a full $30 billion were indeed slim. One year and one Administration later, on June 6, 1969, the headline reads: "The War Business: Livelihoods of Many Hinge on Development of New Military Gear." Well down in the article, appears the basic issue:

> Some observers suggest it may actually become necessary for the government to launch massive new civilian technological programs *to keep the military-industrial complex's scientists and engineers busy*—and, ultimately, *to keep the workers now in the defense industry employed.* Only in this way, critics argue, can the political and economic pressures for new weapons be eased. [Italics added.]

There we have it. The price we must pay for a diversion of national spending from defense to social programs is to guarantee the status and employment of the technological elite and defense production workers. One wonders how this argument differs in any essential way from the demands of the poor for jobs or, if no jobs can be provided, for a guaranteed income without work. Both groups have demands based not on their contributions to national wealth but on their status as citizens, willing to work if jobs are available.

The highly-skilled will argue that their contributions are very real—advanced weaponry, trips to the moon, the ABM system—as opposed to the unmarketable services of the unemployed. However, this argument rests ultimately on the assumption that the projects on which the scientists and engineers are working are, first, important national

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priorities as determined through a responsive political process, and second, designed to attain their professed goals most economically rather than to inflate the amount spent and the employment of highly paid personnel. On both counts, the civilian end of the defense industry is on very shaky ground.

If we are to succeed in getting off the military tiger, we must first bury some hallowed myths. We must recognize that for all the eloquent statements about the need for more and more highly trained workers, our overgrown educational system is turning out overtrained and undereducated recruits for a pseudo-civilian labor market in which the only buyer is the Defense Department. We must admit that science and engineering have contributed as much to the current sad state of affairs as they have to the material well-being. By concerning themselves only with their careers and accepting blindly the purposes of their employing institutions, they have deprived the larger society of much of their potential contribution to the common good.

Every American must examine his own circumstances and ask whether he too is not in some respect on the military dole. Are the incomes that professionals receive based on the value of their services, or are they more persuasively explained as pay-offs for marching in step and keeping their thoughts to themselves? How many engineers, scientists and other nonmedical professionals can trace their income back to a nonmilitary source?

Time is running out. For two decades we have been able to muddle through, enjoying what used to be described proudly as "the highest standard of living in the world," while turning our eyes from the increasing militarization and dehumanization of our society. Because the system America has drifted into retains many of the features of traditional democracy, many find it difficult to believe that the country faces a major crisis. The young are more concerned because they see what is happening.

The greatest danger arises from the fact that the disadvantaged groups cannot be counted on to bring about necessary change themselves. The existing system is so terribly efficient in buying off or co-opting any emerging source of dissent or reform that the "anti-Establishment" forces are weaker today than they have ever been. The young know what is wrong, but have no program to suggest. The poor are fragmented into an assortment of minorities which find it difficult to act in concert. Where, then, can one look for heroes to rescue us from this tiger?

A badly abused phrase may be instructive here. "A change in the minds and hearts of men" was the bromide used for many years by the more respectable racists, as they sought to prevent legislation to improve the lot of the blacks. Laws could do nothing, they piously maintained, until the minds and hearts underwent a change for the better.

Despite this misuse, the phrase has its truth. In a very real sense, all improvements in the lot of mankind have been brought about by men who honestly examined their "hearts and minds" and acted on what they found there, rather than on the commonly held, traditional versions of reality. In short, unless a significant number of those who are beneficiaries of the war economy bestir themselves to oppose its continuance, there is little prospect for an escape from the march to destruction.

In recent years, there have been signs that many educated Americans who could quietly draw their middle-class income with no risks are voluntarily rejecting it and challenging the prerogatives not only of the government but of their own employers. Professors, priests, union officials, even businessmen have been willing to risk themselves to express personal views on matters of conscience despite the pressures of their organizations. Many professional societies have had their usually sedate annual gatherings shaken up by splinter groups which scathingly compare the pieties of their professions with the grim facts of our tightly structured society.

What the concerned few need most is a practical program. Perhaps an honest "systems analysis" of the entire economic and political structure would help define it. To borrow a few terms from this popular technique, what is the trade-off between breathable air in Los Angeles and employment in Detroit, or a $1 billion decline in GNP because of lower auto sales? Do 1,000 healthy ghetto children equal ten soldiers in a true index of national strength? Are the social benefits of widely available, low-cost housing worth a setback to the private building industry? How much guaranteed income is required to make street crime a less significant source of earnings? These are the kinds of questions that must be raised.

Behind the smiling faces of the suburban fathers who believe that their only duty is to their homes and children is a growing fear. Are they in fact so concerned with nurturing and protecting their own children that they are allowing the development of a world in which no child will be safe for long? If we can see things as they are, will we not choose the more certain way of assuring a future for our children by risking something that is of passing importance—a place in the pecking order—for a world in which all children can live in peace?

Reducing the nation's dependence on high military budgets will be a tremendously difficult task. It will require not only the energies and talents of millions of Americans but also, and more important, some serious thinking about how the economic system works and how it can be improved so as to serve the best interests of all the people. What most of us learn as individuals—that material goods are important up to a point, beyond which buying becomes less attractive than using leisure to understand and enjoy one's limited days on earth—we must learn as a nation. Producing and consuming more and more of less and less satisfying merchandise is not really the American dream, and accepting a military society in return for such rewards is not really the American way. □

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Mitchell Tests the Constitution

JOSEPH R. LUNDY
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Washington

During a recent appearance before a House District of Columbia subcommittee, Donald E. Santarelli, a Justice Department representative, revealed at least part of the strategy behind some of the Administration's more provocative anti-crime proposals for the nation's capital. He explained that the White House was urging measures such as "preventive detention" for the District in order to see if they can withstand constitutional challenge and prove their usefulness. Presumably, Washington is to become the constitutional testing ground for some of Atty. Gen. John Mitchell's more extreme solutions to the crime problem. Inasmuch as this Administration campaigned with the code phrase, "law and order," which appealed to hidden—perhaps subconscious—racial fears, Washington, with its 71 per cent black population, is a logical place to launch an attack on that "barbed wire of legalisms," the Bill of Rights. If Mr. Mitchell's tactics are successful, the Administration will claim credit for instituting more efficient, if not more decent, law enforcement in Washington; if they fail, the fault will certainly be laid to Congress and the criminal-coddling courts.

After a year of delay—a year in which Sen. Joseph Tydings' Senate District Committee finished action on almost all of the Administration's District crime proposals and substantially improved some of them —the House District Committee has finally swung into action. It has been prodded into a sense of urgency by President Nixon, who early in the year, called committee Chairman John McMillan of South Carolina to the White House for the announced purpose of encouraging expeditious action on the pending anti-crime proposals. Once in action on the Administration's program, the committee also showed itself capable of writing bills in the bareknuckled Mitchell style.

Mr. Nixon's original anti-crime proposals for the District included at least one measure which nearly every expert on administration of criminal justice in the nation's capital supports—reform of Washington's bewildering court system. The President would eliminate the confusing, sometimes overlapping, jurisdictions of the D.C. Court of General Sessions and the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia. At present, the former has only limited civil and criminal jurisdiction. The more serious cases in both categories are handled by the U.S. District Court, in addition to its normal responsibilities.

Under the present system, there are two District appellate courts. The D.C. Court of Appeals handles only appeals from the Court of General Sessions. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia is a federal court which reviews decisions of the U.S. District Court and is authorized, in special cases, to review decisions of the D.C. Court of Appeals. Under the Administration proposal, the U.S. Court of Appeals would hear appeals only from the U.S. District Court, as is the case with all other federal appellate courts. Finally, the Nixon proposal would substantially increase the number of judges on the upgraded Court of General Sessions, which would be renamed the D.C. Superior Court.

Probably only one of these changes appeals to the conservative, mostly Southern (on the Democratic side) members of the House D.C. Committee. That would be the elimination of the review power of the U.S. Court of Appeals over D.C. cases. That court, under the distinguished leadership of Chief Judge David L. Bazelon, has produced a record of notably enlightened decisions on criminal procedure, and thus angered conservative committee members and other law-and-order advocates. Otherwise, the increased efficiency promised by a reorganized and expanded court system would hold little interest for Chairman McMillan and the Southern Democratic members of the committee. It is an indication of their general attitude that between 1966 and 1969 the committee enlarged the D.C. police force from 3,000 to more than 5,000, but made no comparable effort to expand the courts or correction system.

Shortly after the hearings began on court reorganization and the other anti-crime proposals of the Administration, the committee's own response to Mr. Nixon's sense of urgency emerged. The committee began clearing for House action a number of its own bills which made even the Administration's law and order proposals look like a civil libertarian's dream. And to speed this legislation toward the floor the committee adopted a steam-roller procedure which prevented its few liberals (Donald Fraser of Minnesota, Andrew Jacobs of Indiana, Brock Adams of Washington and Charles Diggs of Michigan) from offering any effective opposition. The substance of the committee's bills, and the methods being used to get them to the floor, suggested a strategy of bringing out the Administration's court reorganization bill *along with* the committee proposals, and then trading committee support for the former for a promise of Republican backing for the latter. Passage of the committee bills would be a disaster for residents of the nation's capital.

Several members of the D.C. Committee have introduced bills which would impose mandatory five-year sentences for any crime committed with a firearm. Some bills include other dangerous weapons and some vary the mandatory term. They all appear

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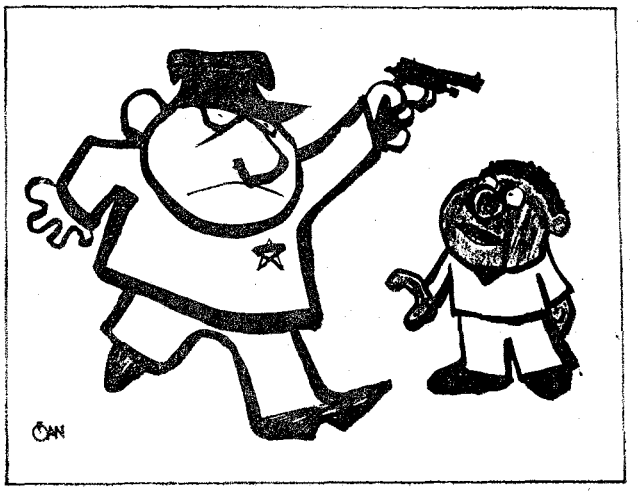
to have in common, however, a distrust of criminal-coddling judges; they specify that, notwithstanding any other legal procedures, the sentences they stipulate may not be suspended nor may a person convicted of an armed offense be placed on probation. Neither the virtually unanimous recommendation of penologists for greater rather than less flexibility in the sentencing of convicted criminals, nor the negative effect of harsh mandatory sentences on a prosecutor's decision to charge a defendant and on a jury's willingness to convict him, seems to have deterred these Draconic law enforcers. These bills have been acted upon favorably by one of the D.C. subcommittees; they will soon come before the full committee and then, presumably, the House.

Another bill, the brain child of Virginia's Joel Broyhill, would take control of the D.C. Police Department completely out of the hands of the District government and put it under a police commissioner chosen by the Speaker of the House and the President pro tempore of the Senate. In addition to directing the D.C. police force, this commissioner—some have called him a "police czar"—would take charge of the White House Police, the Department of Interior's Park Police, the Zoo Police and the U.S. Capitol Police. (It is indicative of Congressional feeling about the criminal tendencies of citizens of the District that the Capitol Police have been increased to more than 600—more police than there are members of the House and Senate.) Similar to Congressman Broyhill's police commissioner proposal is one —also approved by a D.C. subcommittee—which would transfer control of the Lorton prison complex from the D.C. Department of Corrections to the Attorney General.

A final committee creation would add the Administration's preventive detention proposal, now languishing in the House and Senate Judiciary Committees, to a previously innocuous—even desirable—proposal to expand the D.C. Bail Agency. Seeing that its highly touted preventive detention measure probably could not clear the hurdle of Judiciary Committees in both houses of Congress (since most members are lawyers and have read the Constitution), the Administration has approved a flanking action in the D.C. Committee. Chairman Emanuel Celler of the House Judiciary Committee has publicly and privately asked Chairman McMillan to defer consideration of preventive detention in the District until the House Judiciary Committee acts. That the chairman will comply is problematical.

Going forward with these committee-bred creations are two bills which are wholly Administration proposals: a juvenile court act and the court reorganization bill mentioned above. The juvenile court bill should probably be called the Family Division bill, since it abolishes the present D.C. Juvenile Court and places its functions in the Family Division of the newly created D.C. Superior Court. Attorney General Mitchell has taken this as an occasion to add



a few sadistic twists, such as incorporating a limited version of preventive detention for juveniles, providing for criminal prosecution of any juvenile over 15 who is charged with an act considered a felony if committed by an adult, and generally "judicializing" the entire juvenile process so that almost nothing of the social or rehabilitative approach remains. The Senate District Committee found that the Administration bill did not meet even the minimum standards for juvenile court procedures recommended by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It therefore called in a panel of outside experts, including representatives of the D.C. agencies concerned, and completely rewrote the bill. This version, which has already passed the Senate and is now pending in the House seemingly has received no attention from the committee.

Finally, the court reorganization bill, in addition to the structural changes described earlier, would make a number of changes in criminal procedure in the District—all in the interests of more efficient "law and order." The bill would, for example, provide for sentences of half again the basic penalty for second offenders and three times the basic penalty for three-time offenders. These provisions apply to persons convicted of felonies or misdemeanors. For thrice convicted felons, the bill would authorize a judge to impose an indeterminate sentence ranging up to life imprisonment if he finds that "the history and character of the defendant and the nature and circumstances of his criminal conduct indicate that the extended incarceration and lifetime supervision will best serve the public interest."

The bill also authorized nighttime and no-knock warrants. It carefully specifies that when an officer *applies* for a no-knock warrant, he must show the judge that he has "probable cause" to believe that the material sought will be removed or destroyed if an announcement of the officer's authority and purpose is made. However, in the *execution* of *any* warrant, the officer need not announce his presence if "circumstances unknown to the applicant when applying for the warrant, but known to the executing officer at the time of execution, give the officer rea-

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son to believe that . . . the property sought may be destroyed or disposed of." This raises the question of why any policeman would ever seek a no-knock warrant from a judge when he can turn any ordinary warrant into a no-knock warrant simply by having "reason to believe."

Just to make certain that the authority of the D.C. police to use the latest scientific law-enforcement aids is clear, the Administration's court reorganization bill also adds to the D.C. Code wire-tapping authorizations on the same order as those contained in the 1968 Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act. Although the need to combat "organized crime" is the usual justification for wire taps, the Administration bill authorizes taps on D.C. citizens when they "may" lead to information on such unorganized criminal activity as destruction of property over $200, robbery, burglary and grand larceny.

The extraordinary procedures which Chairman McMillan and his subcommittee chairmen—most notably Rep. Thomas Abernethy of Mississippi and Rep. John Dowdy of Texas—are using make one somewhat skeptical of the House District Committee's honest and full consideration of anti-crime legislation. It is not unusual, for example, for liberal members to receive one hour's notice—sometimes no notice at all—of committee and subcommittee meetings. Meetings are often held at unexpected times. The preventive detention bill was reported out of subcommittee at a meeting held at 5:30 on Thursday afternoon after all legislative business for the week had been completed and many members had left Washington for the weekend.

Often no meaningful testimony is taken by a subcommittee before it reports a bill. For example, every district agency connected with law enforcement is opposed to Representative Broyhill's police commissioner bill, but it was still reported out. Similarly, there had not been a single witness to testify on the Administration's juvenile court proposal until Donald Santarelli appeared one afternoon to discuss it for half an hour. After hearing the Justice Department's representative affirm the Department's enthusiasm for its *own* bill, the subcommittee approved it without further delay.

Representative Fraser's comment to *The Washington Post*, after a subcommittee had acted without a quorum to approve the transfer of the Lorton prison complex to federal control, suggests the high-handed procedures being used: "The whole proceeding was enormously disturbing. Unfairness was evident every time I was there. It was the worst performance I've seen yet."

If past experience is any guide, the fate of District residents is probably already sealed. Fraser, Adams, Jacobs and Diggs will attempt to moderate some of the more extreme aspects of the bills described above when they are considered by the full committee. They are not optimistic, however. What is worse, District of Columbia bills are always considered on Mondays by the House. Often the announcement of business to be conducted on District day is not made until the end of the preceding week, when many members have already made plans to be out of town the following Monday. Sometimes there is so little interest in legislation affecting the District that even when members are in town and know what is to be considered, they do not put in an appearance. Both of these factors play into the hands of the D.C. Committee leadership.

If the prognosis for D.C. anti-crime legislation is gloomy, perhaps it is no more than one should expect as long as the District remains unrepresented in Congress and unable to choose its own government. Attorney General Mitchell will almost certainly get his chance to experiment with the constitutional liberties of Washington's 800,000 residents. □

THE STEAM CAR MAY SAVE US

A. Q. MOWBRAY

Mr. Mowbray is the author of Road to Ruin, *an appraisal of the American highway system, and* The Thumb on the Scale, or the Supermarket Shell Game *(both Lippincott).*

One thing has been made crystal clear: we are all choking to death on automobile exhaust fumes. All those who believe the steam engine will save our lives, raise your hands.

Not too many hands. Could it be that we are still hung up on the image of grandpa in his goggles and duster, clanking down Main Street in a hissing cloud of steam, his life and limb spared only minute by minute from disastrous explosion? Could it be that this image has been nurtured by the purveyors of the internal combustion engine, those stout defenders of the *status quo*?

We could hardly expect otherwise of the automobile manufacturers, with their enormous investment of skills and their production lines dedicated to the continued mass sale of internal combustion engines. Henry Ford the Founder clobbered Freelan and Francis Stanley in the market place many years ago. To ask Henry the Successor now to give up internal combustion is like asking the Mafia to support clean government.

It may be that we shall never know the facts behind the alleged conspiracy of the auto makers to drag their feet on the development of exhaust pollution

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controls. The anti-trust suit brought by the Johnson administration was quietly dropped by the Nixon Administration. The Nixon "consent decree" promises that the government will not accuse the auto makers of doing this bad thing, and in return the auto makers promise not to do it in the future. As a result, evidence of conspiracy that the federal government may have collected is now locked away in Attorney General Mitchell's files.

On the record, however, is the industry's dogged retreat, from one indefensible, public-be-damned position to another, as those seeking clean air have pressed their indictment of the internal combustion engine. In response to inquiries from Los Angeles officials as early as 1953, the auto people brushed off the problem. General Motors replied, "the information that is available to us does not indicate that carbon monoxide is present in harmful amounts in the Los Angeles atmosphere and so we have not been concerned about the imminence of a serious health problem from this source." Ford engineers said, "these waste vapors are dissipated in the atmosphere quickly and do not present an air pollution problem."

Fifteen years later, having been forced by law to install emission controls on their cars, the auto makers and their petroleum friends were telling the American public that the problem was licked and everyone should breathe easily. Chrysler executive Charles Heinen bragged: "We've done the job. The main battle against air pollution has been won." Full-page ads paid for by Standard Oil of New Jersey in 1968 told us that "by 1978, cars will be less of a smog problem than they were in 1928." Ignoring all expert opinion to the contrary, the copy predicted glibly that "exhaust emissions will go down this year—further down in 1969—and further and further down in all successive years." These, said Standard Oil, were "incontrovertible facts."

Foul, cried the National Air Pollution Control Administration. In the first place, of all the pollutants jetting from auto exhausts, only two—carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons—are being reduced, and even that reduction is only temporary. As more and more cars pour out of Detroit, the curve that measures these poisons in the air will resume its climb, and continue to climb "in all successive years." Second, other dangerous pollutants, such as nitrogen oxides and lead, are not being controlled at all. Under present controls, auto exhaust pollution thirty years from now will be double what it is today.

But the bad news is even worse than that. The controls devised by Detroit for its cars are complicated, finicky devices that reduce engine efficiency and must be carefully babied if they are to do their job. Some unscrupulous motorists will learn how to disconnect or by-pass the controls to improve their gasoline mileage.

In recent months, under pressure from the public and from politicians in California and Washington, the auto makers have fallen back to their present position: all right, there may be a problem, but we can solve it by tinkering some more with our internal combustion engine. Only a few weeks ago, GM president, Edward N. Cole, told a gathering of automotive engineers that "the gasoline internal combustion engine can be made essentially pollution-free. This is a goal to which General Motors is devoting extensive resources and we are confident it can be achieved." Few agree. More and more gasping Americans are turning for their salvation to external combustion.

The primary difference between the internal combustion engine and the external combustion engine (of which the steam engine is one type) is that the former is a natural-born polluter, while the latter is, by comparison, Mr. Clean. In the internal combustion engine, the fuel-air mixture, ignited by an electric spark, burns rapidly, explosively, inside the cylinder, where the burning gases expand and push against the piston on the power stroke. The waste gases, products of combustion, excess unburned hydrocarbons, lead, and other junk are swept out of the cylinder quickly to make way for the next explosion. Combustion is very inefficient. Quantities of debris pour out the exhaust pipe like waste from a flushed toilet.

In the external combustion engine, the fuel is consumed by a steady flame in a burner outside the engine. In the steam engine, the heat is used to turn water, or some other fluid, into steam or some other vapor. The vapor is then fed to the engine, where it expands to drive a piston or spin a turbine. In the gas turbine, the hot gases of combustion are themselves used to spin the turbine. Since the fuel is burned under carefully controlled conditions, combustion is nearly complete, and pollutants are almost nil.

Advocates of the internal combustion engine say that it can be cleaned up. So far, they have not succeeded in doing so, despite the armies of scientists and engineers on their payrolls. But even if they should succeed, five or ten years from now, the precarious cleanliness would be purchased only at the price of complex, cumbersome and expensive devices added on to curb the natural filthiness of internal combustion. Let these devices break down, get out of adjustment, be improperly maintained, or be removed by an economy-minded motorist, and the flow of filth from the tailpipe will resume. The internal combustion engine is inherently dirty; external combustion is inherently clean.

One would expect to pay a price for inherent cleanliness. Oddly enough, quite the reverse is true: the steam engine, for example (or, more precisely, the Rankine cycle engine), is superior in most other respects. It uses no transmission, therefore no clutch. It runs quietly, making only about one-fourth the noise of the explosive internal combustion engine. It does not demand expensive high-octane gasoline—

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instead it runs quite happily on lower-grade gasoline, kerosene, even paint thinner. Brakes can be eliminated—engine torque is easily reversed to stop the car. An automobile equipped with a Rankine engine can use a small, auxiliary engine to drive the radio, heater, air conditioner, so that these gadgets can be operated with the main engine shut off, as it is whenever the vehicle comes to a stop. Finally, the Rankine engine has fewer moving parts and should be less expensive to maintain.

This last point is disputed by Detroit. Chrysler's L. B. Bornhauser claims that his company's work with steam engines shows "that a steam power plant may be unduly complicated and expensive, despite its much discussed characteristic of not requiring a transmission." Ford vice president, H. L. Misch, says that the steam engine is "too complex and fraught with too many seemingly insoluble problems to be considered a likely successor to the internal combustion engine."

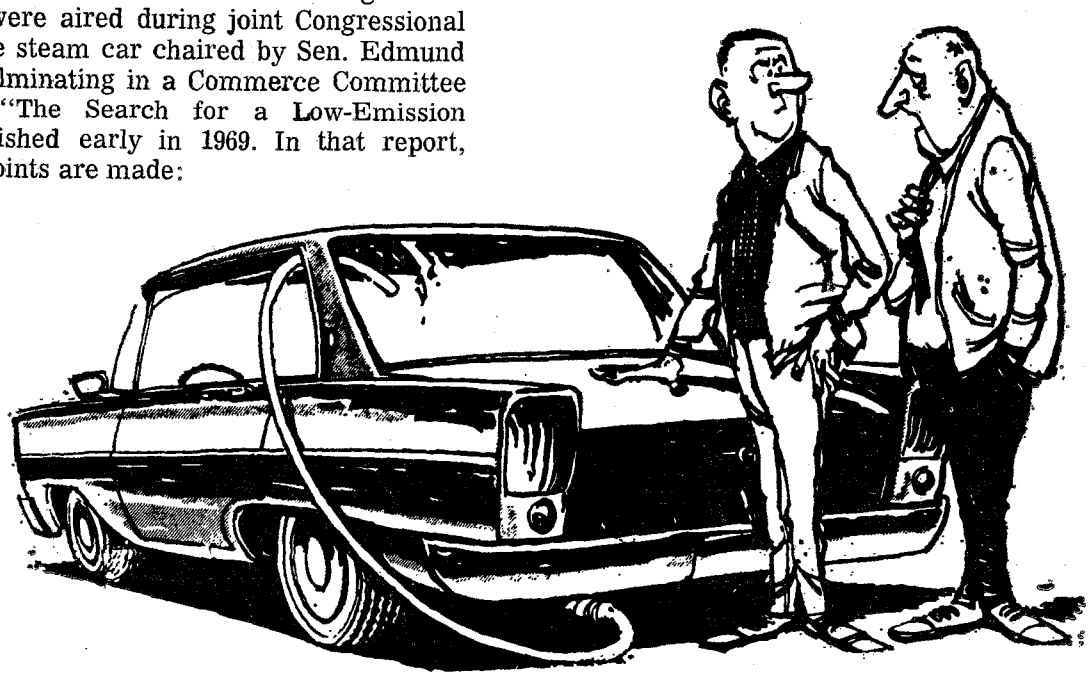
Experts outside the automotive industry think otherwise. An exhaustive study of the two types of engine was made by J. W. Bjerklie and B. Sternlicht, of Mechanical Technology, Inc., and reported to the International Automotive Engineering Congress in January 1969. The Rankine engine, they said, has far fewer moving parts; therefore it has "very good maintenance and reliablility potential." They concluded that "a hermetically sealed Rankine engine of the turbine type can be developed to be highly reliable and will require very little maintenance."

Each disadvantage of the Rankine engine cited by Detroit hirelings is rebutted by experience, or by the statements of engineers whose future is not linked to internal combustion. Most of the arguments and rebuttals were aired during joint Congressional hearings on the steam car chaired by Sen. Edmund Muskie and culminating in a Commerce Committee staff report, "The Search for a Low-Emission Vehicle," published early in 1969. In that report, the following points are made:

Fuel Consumption: General Motors representatives testified that the steam engine will consume more fuel, but most steam cars now in actual operation consume less. The GM figures, says the staff report, make the internal combustion engine look better than it is by ignoring the loss of power that occurs in its transmission and drive train. "Steam engine mileage will be as good as the internal combustion engine mileage—probably better."

Cost: GM told the Congressional committee that the steam engine would cost three times as much as the internal combustion engine. An independent study by the prestigious research firm, Battelle Memorial Institute, concludes that the cost of the steam car "will be less than that of a comparable diesel engine and about equal to that of an equivalent V-8 engine with automatic transmission." Bjerklie and Sternlicht put the cost of the Rankine engine at slightly less than present-day internal combustion engines.

Safety: Opponents of steam attempt to frighten the public with predictions of violent explosions if the steam boiler should fail. The Congressional committee was warned of this hazard by a General Motors representative. Others say this is nonsense. The "boiler" in the modern steam engine is a coiled piece of thin metal tubing. The manufacturers of the Williams steam car, which has been running safely on the roads for nine years, testified that "the monotube steam generator has only a very small amount of steam in it at one time. Suppose it ruptures—what happens? First a small piece of tubing, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, breaks. The result is that the very small amount of steam contained within the coil is dissipated in a matter of seconds, doing virtually no damage. There is no



Oliphant, The Denver Post

"It May Keep the Pollutants out of the Air, but I Don't Think You've Licked the Whole Problem!"

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large vessel to 'disintegrate . . . the danger of scalding is very slight, and the likelihood of serious danger is not remotely comparable to what happens when 20 or so gallons of high-octane fuel are ignited in a pileup. Here you have an explosion.' "

Freeze-up: If water is used as the working fluid, it will freeze in cold weather. Chrysler's L. B. Bornhauser says this is "the unsolved problem of cold-weather operations with water as the working fluid." Several apparently simple solutions to the problem have been suggested. One is to design the water reservoir with sloping sides so that when the water freezes and expands, no damage is done. When the engine is fired up, the ice melts. Another suggestion is to leave a small pilot light under the reservoir to prevent freezing. A third solution is to use a fluid with a low freezing point.

Start-up: Some opponents of steam recall the days when a man jumped into his steam car on a cold winter's morning, fired up the boiler, and then sat there twenty minutes, waiting for a head of steam. Modern engines are a different breed. Bjerklie and Sternlicht state that heat-up time for a 150-horsepower steam engine should be less than ten seconds. Richard J. Smith, who has for some time been driving a steam-powered Volkswagen bus around Orange County, California, starts up in ten seconds.

As a result of their comparative study of the steam (Rankine) and internal combustion (Otto) engines, Bjerklie and Sternlicht come down hard on the side of the Rankine engine: "Of all the engines considered in this study, the Rankine system holds maintenance and reliability, and fuel versatility advantages, has the fewest limitations, and has the lowest emissions and best efficiency."

S. William Gouse, Jr., professor of mechanical engineering at Carnegie-Mellon University, and an independent and widely respected authority in the field, concurs in these conclusions. "Although it's possible to argue with the authors on various points in the paper, their overall conclusions and recommendations are the same that I would arrive at."

But Professor Gouse does not stop there. "It is very interesting to note," he adds, "that similar conclusions and recommendations are arrived at by almost any group of investigators that looks at the potential of Rankine cycle engines *if that group is not somehow associated with the existing automotive industry*." (Emphasis added.)

Is this view widespread? A poll conducted by *Industrial Research* magazine in 1969 is revealing. Of the scientists and engineers who comprise the magazine's readership, 411 answered three questions as follows: "Do you agree with General Motors Corporation's claim that the steam power plant represents 'a significant safety hazard'?" Yes 11%, No 89%. "Do you agree with Ford Motor Company's claim that steam engines are more complex than internal combustion power plants?" Yes 13%, No 87%. "In your opinion, do large auto makers tend to suppress the development of steam engines and other novel concepts because of their vested interests in the internal combustion engine?" Yes 87%, No 13%.

The Senate staff report makes the same assessment: "Without the myopic persistence of the automobile industry in devoting most of its research funds to the internal combustion engine, a reliable, low-polluting Rankine cycle engine could probably have been developed 20 years ago."

Steam engines have been built, but not in Detroit. For the most part, they are the creations of back-yard tinkerers in the tradition of the first Henry Ford. Calvin and Charles Williams, of Ambler, Pa., have put more than 25,000 miles on their steam car, which they demonstrated for the Senate committee. It was tested for exhaust emissions and found to release about 1 per cent of the pollution from an internal combustion engine without emission controls. Karl Petersen and Richard Smith, of Orange County, California, fitted a Volkswagen bus with a four-cylinder steam engine in a back-yard garage. They are getting 36 miles per gallon of fuel. The California State Motor Vehicle Pollution Control Board tested their car for exhaust emissions and found less than fifty parts per million (ppm) of hydrocarbons, sixty ppm of nitrogen oxides, and 0.08 per cent carbon monoxide. This compares with emissions from an uncontrolled internal combustion engine of 900 ppm hydrocarbons, 1,600 ppm nitrogen oxides, and 3.5 per cent carbon monoxide, plus unknown amounts of highly toxic lead.

One tinkerer in the grand manner is William P. Lear, of Reno, Nev., inventive genius and flamboyant multimillionaire, developer of the Lear autopilot and the Lear executive jet plane, among other things. In a quixotic gesture of defiance directed at the fume-belchers of Detroit, Lear has leased an abandoned Air Force base near Reno and invested $10 million of his own money in an effort to develop a Lear steam engine for automobiles. Lear says, "I looked around and saw that if somebody didn't do something, the auto industry would bury steam just like it had done before."

Nobody pretends that steam engine technology is ready to send millions of steam-powered cars off assembly lines today. More refinement is needed to make the external combustion engine a mass-production item. Perhaps steam will come along first; perhaps the gas turbine. Choking citizens hope that one comes soon. If only the vast resources of the automobile manufacturers could be enlisted in the effort, it could be sooner. But it is the automobile safety story all over again: Detroit will switch to external combustion only when it is forced to it by government. Meantime, emphysema, the dreadful wasting disease of the lung, is the fastest-growing cause of death in this automobile-ridden nation.

One way to force the automobile manufacturers to act in the public interest is to legislate emission

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standards so low that it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the internal combustion engine to meet them. The unhappy, smog-choked state of California is taking the lead on that course with new regulations that will slash permissible emissions for 1975 to as little as one-fourth their already low values. Similar federal legislation has been introduced in Congress.

A second approach is to provide a ready market for low-emission cars so that, when they are ready to produce, Mr. Lear and others can manufacture in large enough quantities to enjoy the economies of mass production. The federal government alone buys some 60,000 motor vehicles each year, and legislation is now in Congress that would require Uncle Sam to spend his money on low-emission vehicles, even though they might cost as much as 25 per cent more than cars with internal combustion engines. This bill, introduced by Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, has widespread support. Hearings were held during the last week of January. If this legislation is enacted, and if state and local governments can be persuaded to follow suit, the potential market for low-emission cars could be as large as a million cars per year, a figure that even Detroit would find difficult to ignore.

In the end, however, whether we like it or not, it appears we must pin our hopes on Detroit. That may sound like looking to Lester Maddox for a breakthrough in civil rights, but it is nonetheless unhappily true. Much as some smog-choked citizens might revel in the sight of a charismatic, old-time entrepreneur like William Lear bursting into the automobile market with a revolutionary steam car and knocking holes in the Big Three's monopoly, it just isn't in the cards. Even Lear, with all his millions, is a back-yard tinkerer beside the Detroit monolith. Experts say that anyone hoping to break into the automobile market with a new car would need some $300 million to $400 million just to get started. Production plants, dealerships, parts and servicing centers on a nationwide basis must be provided. This requires not a Lear but a Midas.

Unpalatable as it may be, then, we must look to Detroit for our salvation. But first we must summon the power of Washington to force action by Detroit. The sudden and belated discovery of the environment by the Nixon Administration is a gleam of hope. The President has said that it is now or never. But unless he puts his clout where his rhetoric is, it will be never.

All those who believe that, if the internal combustion engine were outlawed, Detroit would find *some* way to build an external combustion engine, raise your hands.

Ahhhhh . . . that's much better. □

SINGING TO SILENT AMERICA

PAUL DICKSON

Mr. Dickson is a reporter at present studying under an American Political Science Association fellowship. He is writing a book on "think tanks."

Current conditions and events have always been an inspiration for country and Western songs. In the 1920s there were songs about specific floods and railroad accidents; today there are songs about airline hijacking and mining disasters. Country songs have also interpreted conditions and events. In World War II the repertory was strongly patriotic; in the 1930s it mirrored the frustration of the depression. Today the themes of country music echo unmistakably the fears and reactions of silent America.

The most popular country and Western song in the nation for the final weeks of 1969 and the first of 1970 was *Okie From Muskogee,* by country star Merle Haggard. Its success is evidence of what is on the minds of its audience:

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee
And we don't take our trips on LSD
And we don't burn our draft cards down
on Main Street
But we like living right and being free.

We don't make a party out of loving
But we like holding hands and pitching woo
We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy
Like the hippies out in San Francisco do
And I'm proud to be an Okie from Muskogee.

A place where even squares can have a ball
We still wave ol' glory down at the court house
And white lightning's still the biggest thrill
of all.

Leather boots are still in style
If a man needs footwear
Beads and Roman sandals won't be seen
Football's still the roughest thing on campus
And the kids here still respect the college dean.

(Copyright: Blue Book Music, 1969.)

While *Okie* is more direct than most, it is one of many which pit an idealized small town or suburb (where we can assume white lightning doesn't make people blind) against a complex picture of urban change. Another boost for Oklahoma as a haven of simple, virtuous, uncluttered living comes in the recent hit *I Gotta Get to Oklahoma (Cause California's Gettin' To Me)*—sample line, "And it's hard to tell the difference between love and hate in L.A." Refrains in other recent and current hits declare: "Oh what I'd give to be a country girl again," "I don't like the New York secretary's life," and "Cause I've got to go back to Flat River, Mo." Besides of-

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fering an interesting contrast to country hits of the 1930s—when the singer was trying to get out of places like Oklahoma—these songs indicate a definite impatience and frustration with the people and problems of the big cities.

Such impatience and frustration are aimed at specific institutions and conditions. In *Welfare Cadillac*, the singer boasts of having bought his luxury car out of his government checks. Another popular theme is law and order. In fact, one song of fearful commentary alleges, "Cops can't even walk on their beat." For those sick of the cussers and doubters, there is the zealous *God Bless America Again*; for those fed up with people from the finest schools who are "rebels without causes," there is *These Are Not My People*; and for the man caught between the troublemakers who always want to fight and the "gentle" people who don't fight, there is *Where Have All The Normal People Gone?*

The polls show that many people felt the news media should never have reported on the Song My incident, and that the public is in general weary of bad or controversial news. That attitude turned up in a 1969 hit called *Sing a Song About Love*. It catalogues a list of gruesome events and reacts to them in the refrain, "Shut it off. . . ." A sample:

Some protestor is burning his body in gasoline
Some young drunk runs over a bridge in his flaming machine
Wild maniacs burning buildings down
Shut it off and sing a song about love.

(Copyright: Moss Ross Publications, Inc., 1969.)

Malaise is a recurring theme—a generalized reaction against everything that has gone wrong. This fear, tension and despair are presented in *Age of Worry* which, in part, goes:

We're living in an age of worry
Living in a time of stress
A disappointment all around us
Very little happiness.

(Copyright: Matamora Music, Inc., 1968.)

A good many country songs spring from the war in Vietnam, but it is hardly ever presented as an issue—rather an inspiration for songs of bathos, sacrifice and prayers for loved ones. The concern and grief are personal—it is sad that a young man is dead, but sadness seldom extends beyond that point. This private concern is expressed in songs like: *My Son*, in which a mother prays for her boy; *Somebody's Always Leaving*, in which a father loses a son, and *Little Johnny From Down the Street*, in which a neighborhood boy makes the "biggest sacrifice." Few songs support the war and few oppose it. *Vance*, in which going to war makes a boy a man by teaching him to fight; and *Billy (I've Got To Go To Town)*, in which a girl says, "I begged you not to go and fight that crazy Asian war but you believed so strongly in what you were fighting for," are the exceptions. The ideology for war songs seems to be keep silent and see what the President will do.

The casual listener to country music might conclude that the content of the songs has shifted to the right; actually, it has stayed where it was. It has not changed in a changing world and it tells us a lot about people of the same description.

The form came into being as a commercial enterprise in the 1920s. It was based on traditional ballads and folk songs, but new material had to be invented to supply the needs of two new media, the radio and the phonograph. The new lyrics were inspired by whatever was handy: gangsters, love, trains, drink, Floyd Collins in his sandstone cave, the Great War and prisons. The first major star emerged in that era. He was Jimmie Rogers, a tubercular railroad brakeman, whose first record sold a million copies; in his short recording career he sold more records than his contemporary, Enrico Caruso.

The depression severely hampered the record sales of country music, although it remained as popular

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on radio. Prosperity returned with the war and rural music was soon on the rise again. Other factors advanced its popularity: the emergence of the low-budget Western with the inevitable singing cowboy, and the fact that the war was moving men about and exposing country music to more people. *Billboard* noted that during those years an average of a hundred new country records appeared each week, country performers dominated the traveling USO tours, and a poll of Americans stationed in Europe voted country singer Roy Acuff more popular than Frank Sinatra. The music still had little urban appeal—a country anti-Axis ditty called *There's a Star Spangled Banner Flying Somewhere* sold 3 million copies, but few in the cities ever heard it.

After the war, a host of new stars come to the fore to give country music its talent base. Hank Williams emerged to match the popularity of Jimmie Rogers in a similarly short career; he died in 1953 at the age of 29. Country music moved into a period of uninterrupted growth which continues today.

It would be hard now to find a place in the nation where there is not at least one country station within earshot. Two national television shows are devoted to country music (*Hee Haw* and *The Johnny Cash Show*); others that have a strong country flavor (like *The Glen Campbell Show* and many editions of *The Kraft Music Hall*) and no less than thirteen syndicated country music TV shows are being offered nationally. It strongly influences both mainstream popular music and rock. The record industry estimates that as much as 40 per cent of the records now being sold fall into the country classification.

In Nashville, "capital of country music," business has never been better. "Music row" now supports four major recording studios, more than thirty record companies, a score of talent agencies, a hundred or more music publishers, hundreds of writers and agents and an estimated 1,500 performers. The Grand Ole Opry—an auditorium and an institution that has been dubbed "The Mother Church of country music"—is packed every weekend. A $16 million Opryland U.S.A. will be completed by 1971. It will be the Disneyland of country music, with a new and enlarged Opry auditorium in the middle of it all. Nashville's four record-processing plants produce about half the nation's records. Meanwhile, Wheeling, W. Va., and Bakersfield, Calif., are competing to determine which will become the "second city" of country music production.

Country music is also coming to town. No major Northern city is without a "country-politan" radio station. Johnny Cash and other stars are packing such places as Madison Square Garden and Carnegie Hall; and, while jazzy urban night clubs have not fared well in recent years, bars and clubs featuring country music are on the increase. The Washington, D.C. area provides a good example of the music's urbanization. *The Washington Post* observed recently that one of the lesser-known facts of Washington demography was that the Washington-Baltimore area "is one of the two or three country-music capitals of the nation." Four country stations in the area and close to a dozen clubs feature country music.

An increasingly urbanized society is making rural music more popular. Lyrics are down to earth, based on long-assumed values and verities (shady ladies lead to trouble, big cities are lonely, etc.). It revels in the commonplace and never strays in radical new directions of style or content. It has stayed clear of the romantic June-moon-spoon themes of old-line popular music, the harsh reality of the blues, the intensely personal interpretation of modern jazz, and the ever emerging and often jarring and rebellious fads of rock'n'roll.

What's more, country stars convince themselves and are therefore the more convincing among their admirers. Johnny Cash, to many the third great star in the history of country music, plans to participate soon in one of Billy Graham's crusades. Tex Ritter, the prototype singing cowboy, sang for the Nixon campaign and has recently announced that he will try for Albert Gore's Senate seat. The ever popular Marty Robbins was active in the Wallace campaign.

When country music does adapt, the process is ever so gradual. It is, for example, just beginning to integrate—a good example of the "don't rush it" philosophy of silent America. Though black musicians and singers have always been a strong influence (both Jimmie Rogers and Hank Williams said they learned to play and sing from blacks), and though Negro blues songs have been used by country performers, the first black stars are only now emerging (one of them, Charlie Pride, is a confirmed hit maker). The January issue of *Country Song Roundup* announces that Linda Martell's recently released record, "made her the first female Negro C&W artist to be released on a major label." (Unfortunately it was the Plantation label.)

Popular music contains signals about the society: some of these signals, like drug lyrics in rock music, are well publicized; others are not. For example, music trade publications in recent months have talked of a "musical backlash" on "top 40" popular radio stations. Records by black artists are not getting much play these days on such stations, a major reason being that the white station managers feel that their predominantly white audiences are made uncomfortable by the musical "soul" sound of the ghetto. The exceptions are black artists who offer a homogenized sound that makes them indistinguishable from white performers.

The themes appearing in country music are another such signal. Those who can see the advantages of being an "Okie from Muskogee" are not just the long-time clients of country music—those who drive trucks, work the mines and farms—but factory hands, mortgage payers, salesmen and commuters. Songs like *Okie* are a comforting musical antidote to student protest, black militancy and serious debate on the war. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Beyond the Last Frontier

THE ROOTS OF THE MODERN AMERICAN EMPIRE: A Study of the Growth and Shaping of Social Consciousness in a Marketplace Society. *By William Appleman Williams. Random House. 547 pp. $15.*

RICHARD W. VAN ALSTYNE
Mr. Van Alstyne teaches history at Callison College of the University of the Pacific. He is the author of Genesis of American Nationalism *(Blaisdell).*

Williams' history proceeds from three basic propositions: (1) Agricultural interests, not urban business and finance as is commonly assumed, put down the roots of the modern American empire. (2) The domestic history of the United States, whether the stress be economic, political or social, is a chapter in world history, and it is interrelated directly and continuously with diplomacy and foreign policy. (When historians confine themselves to the national frame of reference, evincing their indifference to diplomatic history as something to be treated casually and in episodic fashion —a practice, let it be said, they follow almost without exception—their product becomes irrelevant.) (3) The belief, widely held and perpetuated by historians of successive generations, that the United States developed through the 19th century in isolation and then suddenly, in 1898, appeared on the world stage, is grossly misleading. As an expression of nationalism, the ideology of isolation was indubitably a driving force. But as an operating principle, practiced by successive governments from Washington to McKinley, it was supervened by other considerations.

With the theme that the American farmer has always been a businessman, a capitalist seeking a market for his products, Professor Williams counters the agrarian myth—the illusion of America as an agricultural paradise. Thomas Jefferson, who enjoyed contemplating the farmer as a man of superior virtue, is the personification of this myth. Actually Jefferson was an agricultural businessman in the fullest possible sense: he tied agriculture to commerce, was indefatigable in pushing for the freedom of the market place on a world scale, and conceived of the American empire annexing vast territories, developing its wealth, and eventually outdistancing its rivals and subordinating most, if not all, of the inhabitable portions of the globe to American influence.

Williams sees Adam Smith, not Jefferson, as America's philosopher-king. Human nature, so begins the second chapter of *The Wealth of Nations*, possesses the certain "propensity to truck, barter, and exchange." This propensity "is common to all men, and to be found in no other race of animals, which seem to know neither this nor any other species of contracts." Though it would be absurd to believe that all American farmer-capitalists studied *The Wealth of Nations*, Williams makes his argument convincing by showing that enough of the notable ones did so. Smith's immortal treatise of 1776 was the American "book of common prayer" and "an operator's manual" for the American system of political economy.

Williams' massive evidence shows that a world market-place psychology at all times dominated the minds of American farmer-businessmen.

> *The American farmer, rather than the American manufacturer or financier, alerted the rest of the world to the power and the dangerous challenge of the American economy.* [His italics.] The specter of an Americanization of the world, as it came to be called in the 1890's, was initially created by the sodbuster, the swineherd, the cattleman, and the cotton-chopping sharecropper.

Certain British thinkers realized the American potential as far back as the 1760s; and they feared it. Among them was the famed authority on agriculture, Arthur Young, who in 1772 declared that it was only a matter of time before the American empire would become "absolutely invulnerable and universal." Young and other observant writers understood how insecure Britain's position was in the face of an oncoming American rebellion.

On their part the American revolutionaries formulated the equation between liberty (freedom, independence), empire (federal union plus territorial expansion), and the world market place. The mid-19th century indulged in talk about "extending the area of freedom" which, when put into practice, meant continued displacement of the aborigines, territorial conquest at the expense of Mexico, and expectations and partially formed plans (which turned into frustrations) for the incorporation of British North America. William Jennings Bryan and others in support of the agricultural interest used the same formula in the 1890s (and repeated it during the ensuing decades).

Williams effectively challenges certain shopworn clichés about America's national development. Thus it is more realistic to discuss the background of the War of 1812 in terms of the agricultural surplus barred from its European market by British regulations than it is to expound the dogma of "neutral rights." The classic slogan, "States' rights," so familiar to the constitutional debates in the age of Webster and Calhoun, becomes barren in the face of evidence of the deadlock between industrial interests of the Northeast and Southern agriculture, which looked to an alliance with Western farmers to safeguard its autonomy.

Western farmer-businessmen were on the whole indifferent to freedom for the slaves, but they were very much alive to the danger of losing control of the Mississippi valley to an independent Southern Confederacy. But when the Civil War was over and the West felt itself threatened by the metropolis of the Northeast, it again looked south. "Northern (and particularly Western) farmers began to view their recent enemies as potential if not actual allies against the power and the policies of the metropolis."

One may quarrel with certain of Williams' interpretations—his general adherence to F. J. Turner's frontier thesis, for instance, and his perhaps exaggerated claims about British belligerence toward America after the revolution and through the 19th century. None of these criticisms, however, weakens the main argument of this book. "A nation of exhaustless resources and power," the United States after the Civil War intensified its effort to obtain economic mastery of the world.

The relentlessness with which the agricultural businessmen and the politicians of both parties pursued this aim was a kind of "export or die" command to the American people. The outwardly placid President Hayes laid the groundwork for an alliance between agriculture and the metropolis, redefining the market in terms more of Asia ("the new West") and of Latin America, forming the new

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HOMAGE TO MIGUEL HERNANDEZ

(y ahí te quedas, al mundo le diría.)

For so much suffering from love
Of your wife's sweet olive breasts
And the halo of salty air
Around the head of your son
Whom you never saw,
You retched in your cell seven years
And groped along the shit-littered floor
For the lost pulse of Spain,
And when your last fit of coughing began,
Spitting out scraps of your lungs,
You sent down to us your poems,
Smuggled between bars,
Under the noses of the Civil Guard,
Into hands that did not want to go on.

Floyce Alexander

Navy as an instrument of commercial power, and stretching foreign policy to take in new annexations and spheres of influence.

Williams is at his best in these chapters which concentrate on the last two decades of the 19th century. His argument is made impregnable by the wealth of evidence that he marshals and the broad representation he compiles of farmers, industrialists, politicians, naval commanders and writers who, though variously oriented, nevertheless worked toward the common end of obtaining world empire. Socialists like H. D. Lloyd, liberals like Carl Schurz, entrepreneurs like J. J. Hill expressed their zest for Americanizing the world and subjecting it to American agriculture, industry and finance.

In the 1870s the Western powers, to which Russia and Japan must be added, embarked upon a frenzied program of expansion. Western Europe was awakening to the "American peril," and made countermoves to protect its own economy. Governments made common cause with business and finance to advance the national interest. Williams leaves no doubt whatsoever that the United States belongs to this company of expanding and clashing empires. It had no greater claim to being better, purer, more virtuous—despite its reliance on the rhetoric of puritanism—than its competitors. It is therefore an argumentative subterfuge to claim European protective tariffs as the cause for America's taking the imperial highway into Latin America and East Asia.

And one reads with sardonic amusement of the resentment of Western farmers and cattlemen in the 1880s when they found British land and cattle companies entering their preserve. Contemporaneous with this "invasion" were the American economic penetration of Mexico and the beginnings of a scramble for railway and other concessions in China. The internal campaign for free silver, the Monroe Doctrine, the acquisition of Cuba and Hawaii, naval expansion, the Isthmian canal, and the economic penetration of South America and China were all blended together in the strident nationalism of the 1890s. The book ends with an account of the war against Spain which confirms the opinion that the attack was premeditated and carefully planned.

As in his other studies, Williams thinks mainly, almost exclusively, in terms of the economic interpretation of history. But since the economic man is not the whole man, it seems salutary to remind the reader of other forces operative in the evolution of the American empire. One of these was the crusading zeal of the Christian religion, especially virulent in the period of this book. Josiah Strong, the peripatetic Middle Western clergyman hellbent on protestantizing the whole world, goes unmentioned, as does the thrust of evangelical Christianity into East Asia. Bryan and Woodrow Wilson were ardent advocates of this movement, and Henry R. Luce was one of its activists. America has been from its inception the exemplification of Max Weber's Protestant Ethic.

Considering the massive weight of his documentation, Williams' pious hope at the end that the forces of history can be reversed seems the merest wishful thinking. Imperialism, wrote J. A. Hobson in his masterly polemic of 1902, is "a depraved choice of national life, imposed by self-seeking interests which appeal to the lusts of quantitative acquisitiveness and of forceful domination. . . . It is the besetting sin of all successful States, and its penalty is unalterable in the order of nature." And though Hobson addressed himself "to the intelligence of the minority . . . who desire to understand political forces in order that they may direct them," the tone of his book shows that he did not hold out much hope in this direction. Nor have any of these imperial drives been checked in the 20th century. On the contrary, they have become more extravagant, less controllable.

Accepting the fact of the United States as empire, it follows that domestic history as traditionally interpreted has scant utility value. The late Profs. Carl Becker and William L. Langer knew this, and Louis Hartz writes in a similar vein. Still the traditional thought pattern lingers on, largely because of the intellectual limitations, the biases, the inertia and the lack of imagination on the part of the historians themselves. Professor Williams is a most notable exception. His historic study of the American empire is an intellectual tour de force. □

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Fleeting Moments

CHANGES: Notes on Choreography. *By Merce Cunningham. Edited by Frances Starr. Something Else Press. $8.95.*

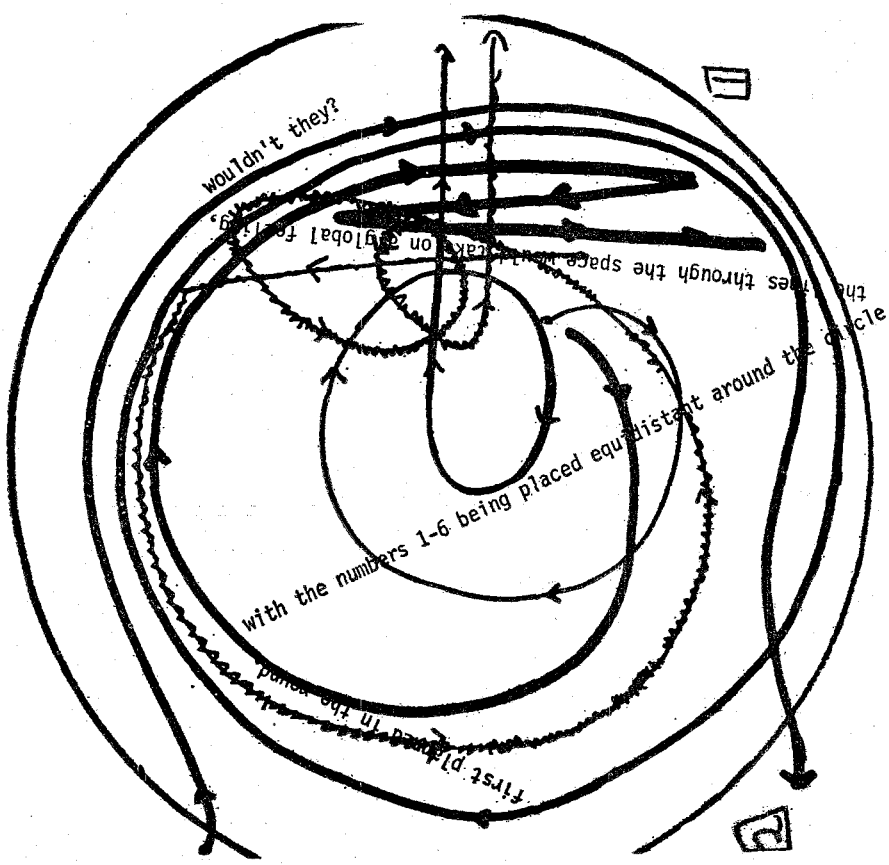
JACK ANDERSON
Mr. Anderson writes dance criticism for Dance, Ballet Review *and* Ballet Today. *He is the author of two books of poetry,* The Hurricane Lamp *(New Books) and* The Invention of New Jersey *(University of Pittsburgh Press).*

Merce Cunningham—probably the most influential and important of America's experimental choreographers—is now responsible for one of the oddest books about dance ever published. Indeed, by conventional standards, *Changes: Notes on Choreography*, although it possesses covers, pages and words, is less a book than a collage.

A typical page consists of textual nuggets and photographs, theatre programs, movement charts, or old notebook entries. Several type faces are employed, as well as handwriting in pencil and ink. Some pages are so thick with layers of pictorial and printed matter that they are almost indecipherable. "Clarity is the lowest form of poetry," Cunningham has said. The pages are unnumbered and there is no logical sequence of materials: remarks about a dance choreographed in 1968 are followed by commentaries on dances from 1956 and 1965; the same page juxtaposes photographs of a dance from 1963 and an announcement of a program change at a 1968 concert.

Typographical tricks abound. Words are set upside down or sloping sideways across the page. A description of a dance with an Oriental flavor must be read from right to left in vertical columns like a Chinese scroll. When Cunningham notes that one dance "came out to have a great deal of turning in it," the lines of type coil like a spiral. A page concerning a work called *Totem Ancestor* must be read bottom to top like a typographical totem pole.

In *Changes* Cunningham and his editor, Frances Starr, have created a nonlinear book. Such an appellation should not make this charming work sound forbidding: reading *Changes* is like rummaging through an old theatrical trunk. Those who are already familiar with the performer to whom the trunk belongs will probably find the rummaging more fun than those who are not. Cunningham tells a few anecdotes, offers a theory or two, ventures some strong opinions. ("This school is like a tomb with money," he says of a famous college modern dance department.) Yet *Changes* is neither an autobiography nor a discourse on aesthetics; it yields few biographical or creative secrets. But his book has its special interest, for in its typographical peculiarities *Changes* relates to and reflects upon Cunningham's method of composing dances.



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One of Cunningham's great achievements is his devising of a viable alternative to the sort of modern dance which prevailed from the 1920s until the 1950s. The old modern dance—even in the twenties, critics considered "modern dance" an awkward term, but no one invented a better one and so it stuck—frequently concerned itself with the depiction of intense emotional states and dramatic conflicts. Themes were suggested by mythology, literature, ritual, American history, anthropology or psychology. At its best, this dance was earnest and powerful. At its worst, it was a pretentious bore.

Believing that dance had overburdened itself with symbolic and literary baggage, Cunningham created plotless works in which the movement was important simply as movement, not as a conveyor of messages. Of course, it is impossible to remove emotional associations entirely from movement, and so each of Cunningham's dances, though nondramatic, possesses its own peculiar atmosphere: *Summerspace* is as pleasantly lazy as a summer day in the country; *RainForest* looks exotic and slightly wild; *Place* suggests the jangled nerves of all the world's city dwellers. Yet never is there a story or a sustained exposition of an intellectual concept.

Given this approach to choreography, it is no wonder that Cunningham in *Changes* is rather tight-lipped about discussing dances. He distrusts verbalizations about movement. Movement should speak for itself. In a program note which he reprints, he says: "Dancing has a continuity of its own that need not be dependent upon either the rise and fall of sound, or the pitch and cry of words. Its force of feeling lies in the physical image, fleeting or static."

Having freed dance from bondage to literature and psychology, Cunningham proceeded to free it from bondage to music and decor. He did not abolish music and decor; he abolished their tyranny. He treats choreography, music and decor as three separate elements inhabiting a given time and space. The way they manage to coexist helps create the tone of a work. The music may range from Satié to a sound score by the company's musical director, John Cage. But the dancers do not dance to it; they

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dance through it, in it, around it. The sets are often by distinguished contemporary artists. But rarely do they suggest specific locales. The "forest" designed by Andy Warhol for *RainForest* consists of suspended and floating silver pillows—scarcely tropical, yet somehow incredibly luxurious in appearance. For a light-hearted dance called *Tread*, Bruce Nauman set up ten humming electric fans; the fans "meant" nothing beyond the fact that some breezy choreography had received a breezy decor. Such a view of theatrical production may explain why so many verbal and pictorial elements are superimposed in *Changes*: they, too, are being permitted to coexist.

What makes Cunningham's choreography most distinctive, however, is neither abstraction—George Balanchine was already creating abstract ballets in the 1930s—nor the relationship of dancing, music and decor: it is the treatment of the stage as an open field, thereby defying traditions of both choreography and stage direction. Traditionally, center stage is considered "strong," the extreme sides or upstage corners are "weak." In classical ballet, the ballerina usually performs her solos stage center, symmetrically framed by the ensemble; in musical comedy, the star moves downstage center toward the footlights to sing the hit song. But Cunningham gives each point on stage equal importance. Wherever a dancer is, he explains in *Changes*, "is the center for him and he stays or moves to the next point, to the next center." Cunningham choreographs for the proscenium stage almost as though it were a theatre in the round.

His concern for open-field construction is also exemplified by his use of chance devices in many dances. Chance, not improvisation: the steps are meticulously rehearsed in the studio; it is how they are put together in performance that is determined by chance. An elementary example of a chance dance would be one with, say, five parts, only four of which are to be performed at any single concert, and in any order. The selection and order are established by someone flipping coins or consulting the *I Ching*.

Changes documents several chance procedures. For instance, the spatial plan for *Solo Suite in Space and Time* was determined by the pattern of imperfections on a piece of paper. The appropriately named *Field Dances* are constructed so that they may be given by any number of people in any place. Each participant has specific movement sequences to perform, but he may perform them in any order and at any speed. "The dance begins when the curtain goes up and ends when the time allotted for the particular performance, say 12 [minutes], is over."

Reading *Changes* is like performing *Field Dances*. The reader may begin where he wants, end where he wants, and browse about at will. Once one is aware of the author's open-field theories, *Changes* ceases to be mystifying. Cunningham has tried to make his book a literary equivalent of his dances.

Yet despite its pleasures, *Changes* never completely evokes the magic of any of those dances. His recent New York seasons have revealed Merce Cunningham to be at the height of his powers, offering one stunning new work after another. The choreography—exquisite in its phrasing, radiant in its patterns—seems to emanate from an almost mystical center of tranquillity. It is marvelous to behold and maddeningly difficult to describe.

And when a dance is over, where is it then? No longer on a stage, certainly not in a book, and fading in memory: dance is, by nature, ephemeral. For all the excitement and superficial glamour of a dancer's life, there is something melancholy, yet curiously noble, about the task of perfecting a body the passage of time must inevitably destroy. To be a dancer, one has to be something of a stoic. Even as one dances, one knows that one's dance is passing out of existence. Cunningham knows it. He says: "You have to love dancing to stick to it. It gives you nothing back, no manuscripts to store away, no paintings to show on the walls . . . nothing but that single fleeting moment when you feel alive. It is not for unsteady souls." Perhaps this is why so many great dancers and choreographers—Merce Cunningham among them—seemed to be blessed with remarkably steady souls. □

Full Count

THE DREAM SONGS. *By John Berryman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 427 pp. $10.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH
Mr. Molesworth teaches English at Queens College. He has published poetry and criticism in Salmagundi, Poetry, University Review *and* Genre.

How often writers attempt to step outside some traditional structure or expectation and end by knocking on the back door. Consider all those rebels, those destroyers, who wind up as monuments. Consider the modern poet who longs to be free of the cloistered, private, elitist

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set of restrictions that come down to him from Eliot and Pound. He must find his own voice, he must cast his own form, he must invent his own subject. And if he does all these things, he'll fit beautifully into that "tradition of the new."

77 Dream Songs and *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* are joined together in one massive collection, trailing behind them both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award. It is all here: the three six-line stanzas, the puns, the crazy rhymes, that black-face voice with the nagging questions, those embarrassingly funny revelations, and those painful embarrassments. "I am Henry Pussy-cat! My whiskers fly!" And the delicious lechery, ogling the women in public places.

The restaurant buzzes. She might as
well be on Mars.
Where did it all go wrong? There ought
to be a law against Henry.
—Mr. Bones: there is.

Here are 385 chances to talk to Mr. Bones, and he's come to have a familiar ring to his voice. *The Dream Songs* are still as surreal as dreams and still as evanescent as songs, but after the first seventy-seven one starts nodding a little too soon and one turns the page with a little less expectant wonder.

Henry, the central voice of all the songs except the last, is constantly looking over his shoulder to challenge and mock the reader.

I feel the end is near
& strong of my large work, which will
appear,
and baffle everybody. (#308)

For all their strength and largeness, the curious thing about the last 100 or so songs is how the work has grown obvious. The subject matter is often more readily identifiable, and that helps—the trip to Ireland, the tragic death of Delmore Schwartz, the escape from the pettiness of his teaching duties, the echoes of the myth of the "Irish Writer," especially Yeats:

all Henry's old heroes,
The O'Rahilly, Plunkett, Connolly &
Pearse,
spring back into action, fatuous
campaigners
dewy with fantastic hope.

Some of the poems in and about Ireland are in fact the weakest of the lot; #321, for example, is flat and prosaic, with no inverted or elliptical syntax, no argot or slang, no terror or tension. Nothing in other words to make it recognizably a Dream Song.

Reading through all the songs at once makes it seem that Book VII, which begins with #279, is meant to provide the capstone of the work; but this last quarter is often blandly reportorial, and the continued use of the triple sestets has grown to seem arbitrary. There's a resemblance here to Lowell's *Notebooks*, but these later songs are even more "occasional," more like unworked diary entries than Lowell's blank-verse sonnets. Woven into these jottings is an increasing obsession with fame, his own perhaps more than others'. The best poems, by and large, are the middle third, and of course those dozen or so out of the first seventy-seven that have become well known. But while the success of *The Dream Songs* depends upon our ability to see the undeniably unique Henry as the grotesque reflection of all of us, the songs that are weakest are those in which the public dominates the private. Somehow these fail to come alive, suggesting that Berryman's most authentic voice speaks only to a limited audience, which is willing to accept his personal pain as their own.

Likewise, all the way through the dozen or so poems about Delmore Schwartz, the poet who died alone and forgotten in a Manhattan hotel, Berryman is struggling to answer (or even intelligently pose) some of those questions about fame and poetry, that vocation which America has made such an infamous calling. As crucial as the problem is to Berryman (or should I say Henry?), it's difficult to get a sense of the individual that Schwartz was, because all that's at stake is his role as suffering poet. There is little sense of personal loss. A great deal of fear, or possible loss, is generated, but that concerns Berryman more than Schwartz. It's difficult to be anything but egocentric in your dreams, especially if they're nightmares.

One way to focus on the change in *The Dream Songs* is to compare a late poem on William Carlos Williams (#324) to an early poem on Frost (#37). The earlier effort begins with that sort of engaging irreverence that Auden could not quite conceal in his elegy on Yeats: "His malice was a pimple down his good/ big face, with its sly eyes." For Williams, the tone is flaccid: "Rest well, who worked so hard, who made a good sound/ constantly, for so many years." Perhaps the change is a simple one, explained by saying that the malicious fun has gone out of the voice. Evidently Frost had insulted Berryman, and he was pained and therefore engaged. But for Williams there is only benign, though unengaging, praise.

Has Henry gone soft in his old age? Has he feared death and loneliness and his own ineptitude and potential disappearance for so long, that he is willing to forgive fate its grim placidity, and to do so by adopting it as his own? Henry says of himself, in the Williams elegy, "he would like to lie down/ in your sweet silence." Even the earlier attack on the pedants of the English Departments (#35) has been mollified (#373). The poet might tend to pull his punches a bit when he starts feeling conscious of the "assistant professors [who] become associates/by working on his works."

The professorial tone comes to the fore often in the later songs. Boredom is a theme that enters early ("People bores me,/ literature bores me, especially great literature," #14), but it becomes increasingly endemic. The trip to Ireland seems to offer the chance of a new life: "If ever he had crafted in the past—/ but only if—he swore now to craft better" (#279). Ireland doesn't seem his true Penelope, or his Flaubert either, however, and there's a sense that the finishing of the long task may have been more an act of endurance than enjoyment. "The only happy people in the world/ are those who do not have to write long poems" (#354).

What emerges here is the dominant theme and subject of the later *Dream Songs*—the songs themselves. From the beginning they had that intense intimacy that went by the label "confessional": "I don't see how Henry, pried/ open for all the world to see, survived" (#1). The rhyme here is telling, as it often is. The very act of digging out of himself kept him going. But even as early as #51, the subject shifts slightly.

. . . if here in his crude rimes
Henry them mentions, do not hold it,
please,
for a putting of man down.

No longer is it just Henry we are forced to forgive; we must excuse the nature of his makings. There are many public figures in the poems—from Eisenhower to Christine Keeler—but the vast majority of them are writers. The Romantics made the artist the hero; considering that, Henry is as thorough a Romantic as can be found alive. The set of songs for Schwartz is concerned with the artist and fame, and there are several songs that deal with Berryman's generation of artists, Lowell and Jarrell prominently among others. Then we begin to hear about the creative act itself, its wellsprings and its dry periods. "His gift receded. He could write no more" (#310). "I write with my stomach: Henry ruefully" (#328). The problems of art begin to dominate the problems of life.

Very near the end we have what many will consider the final word on the songs, and appropriately enough, it is spoken by Henry to himself.

—Oh, I suffer from a strike
& a strike & three balls: I stand up
for much,
Wordsworth and that sort of thing.

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The pitcher dreamed. He threw a hazy curve,
I took it in my stride & out I struck, lonesome Henry.

These Songs are not meant to be understood, you understand.
They are only meant to terrify and comfort.
Lilac was found in his hand.

When Berryman stands up for things he thinks of the tradition; like Wordsworth, he can't help but picture himself as a revolutionary poet turned conservative. The loneliness and the terror, and that throbbing boundless ego, are all still there, but there's also a hope, a dream, of comfort. The dream and the nightmare have come together at last.

In any long poem it's hard to keep our attention sharp until there's a full count. That they seem in their entirety to be a little more comfortable than terrifying is, however, insufficient reason to consider *The Dream Songs* less than monumental. A monument is designed to have its object remain in the mind of its audience. Henry is surely there, and he will be recognizable for a long time to come. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Los Angeles

My first impression on seeing the world première of Conor Cruise O'Brien's *Murderous Angels* at the Mark Taper Forum was that it ought to be reviewed, not by a theatre critic but by someone more knowledgeable than I about the Congo during its first days of independence. But like many first impressions this one was mistaken. O'Brien's chronicle—he calls it "a political tragedy and comedy in black and white"—is after all not an example of the "theatre of fact" but a play. Should its details be found inaccurate or misleading, O'Brien's purpose would still not be invalidated.

"The germ of *Murderous Angels*," its author states, "is the conception that Dag Hammarskjöld, for exalted and convincing reasons, and in the service of humanity, deliberately brings about the downfall and refrains from preventing the death of Patrice Lumumba, which in its turn precipitates his own downfall and death."

The play mirrors a real historical situation. (O'Brien was sent to Elisabethville as representative in Katanga of the United Nations' Secretary-General Hammarskjöld.) The murderous angels of the title are "the great and noble abstractions . . . of Peace in the case of Hammarskjöld, Freedom in the case of Lumumba. . . . The Charter of the United Nations legitimizes the shedding of blood in the defense of Peace. . . ."

Hammarskjöld did not *desire* Lumumba's death, but in O'Brien's play, he makes it possible. He was not concerned with the individual but with the "species." He wanted to prevent the Congo from developing into another Korea, which in turn might conceivably have precipitated a world war. On the other hand, being something of a mystic, he had a premonition that his own death would result from his position in the fatal contretemps. Financial interests, chiefly centered in the Belgian president of the Société Universelle, an international mining organization, conspired to eliminate Hammarskjöld, when it was believed that he might bring about the reunification of the Congo and the breaking of Tshombe who was the Société's tool. That at any rate is O'Brien's wholly plausible conjecture.

All this is most interesting. It is interesting not only because of the individual dilemma involved—the sacrifice of a man for an ideal—but because politics are in great part the consequence of actions by politicians which affect our very lives. It is not of first importance whether O'Brien's theory is correct in this instance; it is important that what he suggests is in general more than probable. Statesmen are the gods of the machine, a mechanism in which we are enmeshed and too often destroyed. The mechanism is so vast and complicated that we commonly fear ourselves impotent to master it. And that is tragic.

The production of such a play is therefore a worthy enterprise. This one holds the attention throughout; yet it fails to stir the spectator. If a play is to be a play and not just a record, it must partake of the nature of art. O'Brien appears to have been aware of the problem. He cites Aristotle to the effect that in tragedy, which is the "imitation of an action," the conduct of action supersedes every other factor. Whether this be so or not, it is still true that Oedipus, Antigone, Electra, Medea are formidable characters. O'Brien's Hammarskjöld is an explanation of a man, but no person. We know that such a creature may have existed, did indeed exist, but we do not feel him to be present except by inference, as in an editorial. Who is this mouthpiece who speaks vaguely of his commitment to the "species"? What is the core of his being? How does it manifest itself outside the immediate circumstances of the play?

If *Murderous Angels* were vital drama, as it aspires to be, the scene in which Hammarskjöld decides to allow Lumumba to be sacrificed would be the crucial point of his portrayal. Despite a vehement and well-written speech, the moment is almost casually by-passed; it registers as no more than another step in the narrative line.

What is curious about all this is that *Murderous Angels* is less emotionally convincing than *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, which was largely a verbatim transcript (greatly reduced, of course) of the hearings in that case. This did convey a concrete sense of the personalities concerned in it. The words were born of flesh and blood. O'Brien, a highly intelligent man, but no dramatist, has been able to devise equivalents of true speech, but not breathing bodies from which they might issue. His dialogue is expository—sometimes brilliantly so—but it is not utterance with the power to persuade us that it emerges from persons caught in a turmoil of thought and conscience.

Gordon Davidson, the general director of the Mark Taper Forum, staged *Murderous Angels* as he did *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* which also had its first performance at that theatre. (These productions alone would establish any theatrical institution as valuable.) Like *Oppenheimer*, *Murderous Angels* is handsomely set by Peter Wexler in a construction of almost natty design deploying functional space, clean lines and discreet decoration. The effect is that of an efficient and suave rigor.

The direction, rapid but not hurried in pace, is lucid and intelligent, in consonance with the text. I missed only the particularized color in each of the actors' characterizations which made *Oppenheimer* arresting as theatre. This may be due to the already noted fact that the figures in *Oppenheimer* were more recognizable as real people.

George Voskovec, being an astute and

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cultivated person, fulfills the demands of his role as written, but it needs more than that. I could believe in his mind; I wished also to see moral tension, mystical obsession, some trace of neurosis suppressed under a controlled and possibly clammy exterior.

Lou Gossett's Lumumba was the most engaging performance of the evening. It had considerable charm—we had to take the mature determination as much as the fiery conviction for granted—together with a physical fluidity and animation of sentiment which relieved the atmosphere of the abstraction that envelops the production. Barbara Colby as Lumumba's mistress (probably a fictitious personage) also brought a ring of passion into the proceedings. Richard Easton, as a British stooge for the Société Universelle, played sharply to the play's point. George Stanford Brown, as Hammarskjöld's black assistant, made the moral difficulty youthfully touching. Ben Hammer's Soviet ambassador was helpfully amusing.

A fleeting glimpse of Adlai Stevenson in a clip from the film showing the riot at the UN session at which he deplored both Lumumba's death *and* the riot, provided the most authentically telling moment of the occasion. For that moment, reality—baffled and pathetic—revealed itself and triumphed.

Despite these reservations *Murderous Angels* is superior to any drama now in New York and should be brought East.

At the Ahmanson Theatre adjacent to the Mark Taper Forum (both part of the Los Angeles Music Center complex) the National Theatre of Great Britain is represented by two productions: George Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem* and Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*.

I had time enough to see only the first of these. Farquhar's comedy (1707) is frothy stuff which survives through the sparkle and exhilaration of its language and the excellent acting opportunities it affords. There is one further element, which seems to have escaped general notice: at a time when divorce was severely frowned upon, Farquhar not only saw its occasional advantages but found it a positive boon. In *The Beaux' Stratagem* both husband and wife not only accept divorce but rejoice in it.

Maggie Smith's performance lends the evening its glowing brightness. She is the most exquisitely charming comedienne on the English-speaking stage. There is a twinkling feminine canniness in her every glance, gesture and intonation. The most innocuous line takes on a humorous edge when she speaks it. She discerns a dab of fun in every passing moment. Her speech, which might normally be considered pinched and nasal, her voice of a rather acidulous timbre, somehow serve to heighten the effect of a subtle, incisive and entirely captivating teasing. Her covert but inextinguishable mockery (without malice) is to me the sound of contemporary London womanhood. Though this quality is unsuited to a traditionally Ibsenesque Hilda in *The Master Builder* (a part I saw her play several years ago), it did no harm to her Desdemona, which was one of the most gratifying I have ever seen. I wonder what she will be like as Chekhov's Masha. Right or wrong, she is always fascinating.

New York

A political show of quite another stripe is Art Buchwald's *Sheep on the Runway* (Helen Hayes Theatre). The play reflects the personality of its author. It is quizzically kidding, affable, almost cute. The play's targets are now familiar through endless columns of left-of-Center commentary: journalists who espy communism in places where it has hardly ever been heard of and where even democracy and fascism are unknown concepts, the bumbling of the military personnel, the paternalistic selling of useless gadgets to backward countries (in the guise of bestowing on them the fruits of Western, i.e., U.S. civilization), the ineptness of State Department officials, businessmen parading as diplomats, Pentagon muddle. The "message" is that most of our politicians are dunderheads and that a large part of our social thinking is patently absurd.

It is all cartoon funny. No one is really hurt, it will inspire no one to action—nor is that intended. It increases one's skepticism in regard to political blather, but it may be argued that such café and bar joshing is a component of our lethargy. Still the play may be useful.

I do not mind that *Sheep on the Runway* is loose in construction, ambling in plot, a charade which progresses through a string of jokes. These are the marks of its nature. The acting by Martin Gabel, David Burns, Richard Castellano, Remak Ramsay, Elizabeth Wilson, and Gene Saks's direction are in the vein of the writing, and thus beyond criticism. The real irony of the occasion is that such a piece is now unique on the Broadway stage. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I am not competent to say whether or not Antonioni's *Blow-Up* surprised the British, but I doubt that his *Zabriskie Point* will much surprise the Americans. It is a compendium, in his splendid poster colors, of what for ten years or more we have been using all the available media to say about ourselves. Ours is a consumption-obsessed society overdisposed to violence, whose police are brutal, whose characteristic vista is a montage of commercial cajolery pitched to the apex of strident vulgarity, whose industrialists are implacably rapacious, and the best of whose youth are disenchanted to the point of casual, understated nihilism. Mobility varies inversely with a sense of direction; guns, pot and copulation are the small change of life, and so what else is new?

Compared with his report from Britain, Antonioni's dossier on the American West operates on the slightest thread of a plot. Mark Frechette (the leads play under their own names), a revolutionary loner, appears to have shot a cop during one of the Berkeley busts, escapes reality by stealing a private plane, spots a girl (Daria Halprin) driving alone across the desert, buzzes her car, lands near where she will pass. They spend a day and night together in the convulsive alkali wasteland near Zabriskie Point; in the morning, he flies the plane back to its airstrip and, on landing, is pointlessly

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killed by a police posse. She drives on to a man-made oasis clinging to the side of a desert cliff, where her boss is closing a deal to exploit a considerable stretch of Pacific Coast. Raw from the news of her late companion's execution (received on the car radio amid selections of the very best rock music), she rebels against the cupidity of American speculative real estate, and in the eye of her imagination sees the hanging garden blown to splinters and all its contents swirling through the sky in a slow-motion ballet of the artifacts of our Roman Empire. This closing effect is technically audacious and visually seductive. It is at least at the level of the most expert television commercial, and I was not certain whether Antonioni had unconsciously fallen under the spell of our virtuoso salesmanship or, as I hope, was writing the era's epitaph in its own vernacular.

Antonioni was helped with his script by two Americans, Fred Gardner and the playwright, Sam Shepard. They have enabled him to get all the details "right"; but I wonder whether, inadvertently, they may have prevented him from doing more than that. The film has the air of noting all the "significant" aspects of contemporary America that a couple of socially agitated natives would point out to a foreign visitor. I would have been more interested in Antonioni's uncoached view of us; he might have got some of the implications wrong, but he might also have produced spontaneous insights more stimulating than these playbacks of the prevailing assumptions.

It is so also of Frechette and Miss Halprin. They are "found" performers, chosen because they look so exactly like the composite image of our deracinated youth. In Europe, therefore, they may seem exciting personifications of what one hears about America, but I found that I nodded at them in instant recognition of their authenticity, and then waited for them to convert that into their own individualities. Unfortunately, the authenticity was all they had to offer (or all that Antonioni, not knowing them very well, could elicit from them), and their letter-perfect dialogue registered less as communication between a young couple than as a glossary of contemporary terms and assumptions. They are a handsome and appealing pair (and Miss Halprin, who is a dancer, moves extremely well), but they seemed to be modeling American youth, not acting their experience of it.

I very much liked the love scene, with the qualification that I am weary of erotic encounters on sandy, dusty, hot, jagged and otherwise inhospitable terrain. It may be a problem of age, but my head aches when I contemplate intercourse under such conditions. However, as the boy and girl explore and absorb each other, the sterile landscape for a mirage of miles around becomes animated by rutting figures in twos, threes and still more complex permutations (these Dionysian mimes are members of the Open Theatre). The spectacle gives a seasoning of wit to the eroticism, and visualizes the pleasant conceit that a lusty pair of kids can make even the moonscape of the Mojave Desert throb with life. I doubt that anyone put that idea into Antonioni's head. I take it to be his rainbow sign for our current inundation of sterility.

American directors have recently begun to escape from the polluted present into a nostalgia for the crumminess of the recent past—*Bonnie and Clyde*, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, that kind of thing. *The Honeymoon Killers* is another of the sort, with the addition that it is made in the laconic, unvarnished, efficient B-picture style of an earlier day.

In black and white, with minimum sets, devoid of stars and photographed with an implacable directness, it goes about the business of describing how and why a pair of obsessed lovers murdered a string of gullible women for the meager profit involved. It is based on a real case; more important, it is devastatingly convincing. The man (Tony LoBianco) is a Spaniard of the most pathetically specious charm, who has been making a living by bilking lonely females through a fake lonely hearts club. Into his net one day falls an obese supervisor of nurses (Shirley Stoler), and the plot turns bloody from the bizarre but in context persuasive circumstance that the little stinker falls inescapably in love with his gross victim. She is much more intelligent than he (though he is more cunning), and she is as demanding in her passion as she had been tyrannical in the hospital wards. Whereas his old game had been to love them and fleece them, her jealously turns it into love them, fleece them if possible, but in any case leave them dead.

It is horrible and there are no extenuating circumstances. LoBianco and Miss Stoler display the characters, and in the process their own persons, with a matter-of-fact honesty which is rare on the screen and particularly rare in crime stories, a basically sentimental genre. *The Honeymoon Killers* is a coroner's account of what happened, a report from the morgue, clammy. I think it is a film of unusual excellence because it so thoroughly exhausts its subject. One comes to understand, not only the lethal principals but each of their victims, with a thoroughness that is astonishing. The picture never seems to be working very hard, but every foot of it is packed with information, conveyed invariably in the most efficient way. You feel as though you had been living in the hellish atmosphere for weeks.

If the picture were less complete, it would be valueless; who wants a partial view of second-rate monsters? But a complete insight into even the most depressing and deplorable of human beings becomes somehow an exemplary experience. I came from it with a feeling, not of affection, certainly, but of brotherhood for these besotted killers. It is an achievement of real stature by LoBianco and Miss Stoler, and by Leonard Kastle, who directed them. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Museum of Modern Art has started opening on Monday (from 12 to 9 P.M.) which is unusual, and admission is free on that day, also unusual. The notion is that there are "students, artists, groups and individuals from community centers, and retired senior citizens" who have been barred by the $1.50 admission charge. The museum yielded to the pressure of the Art Workers Coalition, one of whose demands this was. Another coalition project is an open letter to Picasso suggesting that he remove "Guernica," which hangs in the museum but is still owned by the artist. "Renew the outcry of 'Guernica' by telling those who remain silent in the face of My Lai that you remove from them the moral trust as guardians of your painting." If Picasso complies, the AWC will have again succeeded in embarrassing the museum; if he does not the organization will have a new and newsworthy target. (Picasso refused to protest the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian uprising, and now the question is whether or not his communism is of the sort to force him to protest My Lai by initiating an artistic scandal.)

The coalition is the main form by which current protest enters the art world, but it is not the only one. At Museum (729 Broadway) a group of women artists are showing as "X-12." A manifesto explains: "X is exploration. X is crossed out, disposed of, as we have been for so many centuries. X marks the spot. This is where it is at." The language should prepare you exactly for the show, which has an overwhelming effect of fervor. The fervor is not for art, but for the social and instrumental uses to which it can be put. Characteristic works are big cutout caricatures, assemblages of environmental medievalism or of claustrophobic cabinet-scale,

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and bloodied bits of store mannequins in a heap on the floor. Intensity of assertion is art's function for most of these artists, so that clumsiness or perverseness takes on primitivistic merit. Compared to the technology of the establishment, convulsively hand-crafted objects acquire an expressive function. A naive sense of the sacred or the conviction of mission insists that this work is more passionate and more efficient than well-made sophisticated art. Even its grossness symbolizes the motive of dissent.

At Gain Ground, a studio for experimental exhibitions at 246 West 80 Street, on the corner of Broadway (open Friday-Sunday, 11 to 5 P.M.), Eleanor Antin is showing a series of *portraits*. This is art by a woman without any of the contextual rhetoric of "X-12," and with a far sharper sense of art's resources, although her medium is untransformed objects. Each portrait, consisting of a few things in proximity, is named for a real or imagined person. "Blaise" is real, her son; this portrait consists of a yellow toy car and a trailer with a yellow pencil on the floor; "Señor Mesa," a piece of family mythology by the sound of it, unites a red plastic chair, a bathrobe and a shaving brush. "Harold Beard" alludes perhaps to Harold Cohen, a colleague of Mrs. Antin's husband; at any rate camouflaged overalls, hanging on a hat stand, with decoy ducks scattered on the floor, evoke a human scale. Despite the newness of the objects and their unfettered placing, they become tokens of the human presence and, more precisely, witty characterizations of inferred subjects.

At the Museum of Modern Art an exhibition called "Spaces" gave artists a chance to work environmentally, and the museum undertook to get the cooperation of the industries necessary to provide material for large-scale work. In a show like this, in which the works do not exist until they are built, everything depends on the casting and performances of the artists. Jennifer Licht, who arranged the show, reveals bad judgment at several points and this was, unfortunately, compounded by bad luck. Three of the artists were well chosen: Dan Flavin, Robert Morris and Larry Bell. Flavin has a room lit by two differently sized and colored fluorescent fences; Robert Morris has a quirky miniature indoor landscape that looks like a Marienbad-kit from Creative Playthings; and Bell, who *seemed* a good choice, has come up with a dim, cavernous bore. It is as dull as the room of another West Coast choice, Michael Asher, of whom the catalogue observes truly that he "reduces visual evidence to such a degree that the room can be characterized as a void." F. E. Walther has a schedule of appearances at the museum when he can be observed at play on and among various mats (lying on the ground when I was there). Pulsa (a group of seven "researchers in programmed environments") has scattered in the museum garden strobe lights, speakers and heaters which react to ambient stimuli. The pattern of on-and-off is neither arbitrarily insistent enough nor stable and continuous enough, to amount to much. It all adds up to a slight increase in the garden's clutter.

One of the difficulties facing artists who attempt environmental projects is obtaining the materials. With great good will the Museum of Modern Art set out to ease the procurement problem and the catalogue lists twenty-odd companies which supplied strobe lights, trees, acoustical materials, and all that. A second difficulty is using the materials when you have them and at this point "Spaces" bombed; the artists, except for Flavin and Morris, could not handle hardware on this scale.

Robert Morris, in another show at Castelli, is into graphics now with "Earth Projects," a set of ten lithographs in an edition of 125. They are restrained and precise works, printed on graph paper, in pale green, yellow and blue, landscape colors, that is to say. The landscape is presented in contour maps and cross sections, with detailed layouts of Morris' projected structures. The lithographs, in their cartographic and diagrammatic form, are highly elegant projects for works to be done in the open. The projects resemble formal garden designs, but turn into assault courses upon inspection: jet engines in the ground creating dust storms, steam issuing from buried conduits, a "vibrating concrete slab" just below ground, and burning petroleum on the surface of a river. Morris' intention in terms of scale, he has written in the prospectus for the suite, is to make something that is bigger than an object but not purely environmental, since its boundaries would be partially evident, like an Indian mound or an orchard, say.

Morris has taken Missouri as the site for these proposals (he was born there) because the landscape is "varied and not extreme. I think of all of the projects being situated within a not overly dramatic setting." His work in "Spaces" has connections with the "Hedges and Gravel" lithograph, in which a highly regular planting, à la Sir Thomas Browne, is set down on an irregular plane. What is needed is not room-size versions of these projects, however, but full-scale realization: they are feasible, but expensive. Perhaps it is for the support of projects of this nature, rather than in the boosting of exhibition budgets, that industrial funds might be sought. □

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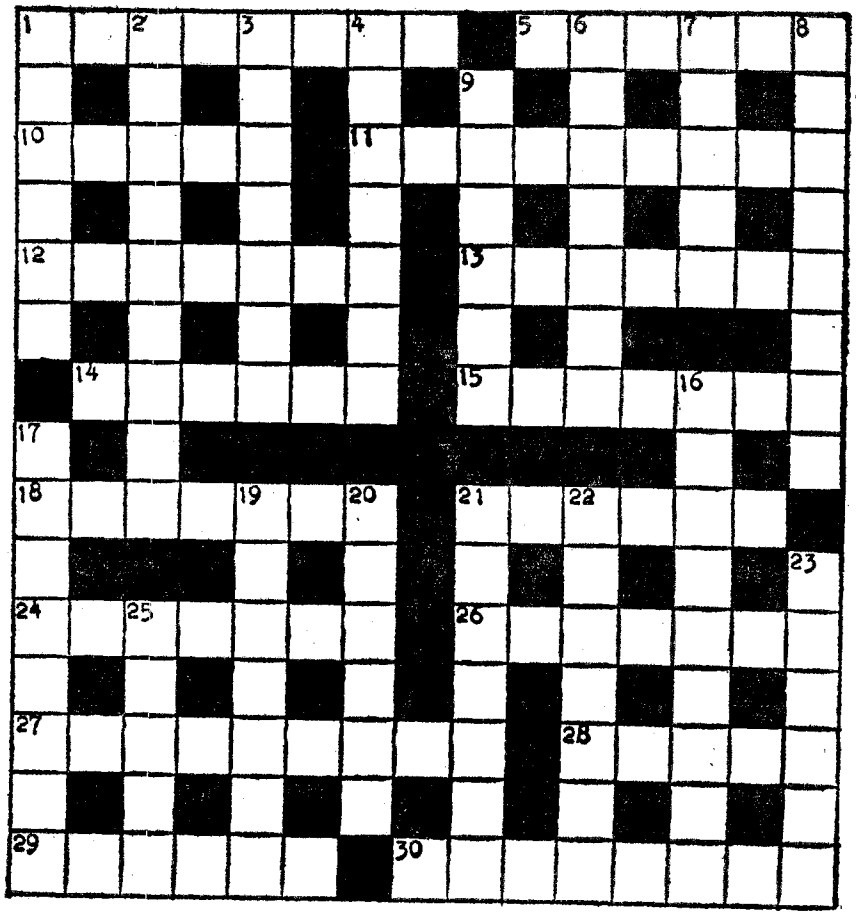

ACROSS

1 and 5 It sometimes does to your teeth, as candy. (8,6)
10 and 17 down Someone else's insurance probably is negatively emphatic. (3,2,4,4)
11 Is it that certain element that makes me amusing? (9)
12 Browning's had a bole when he was thinking of home. (3,4)
13 Half of those prickly sensations are almost unnecessary. (7)
14 Where one might be putting spinach, for example? (6)
15 Has to make bail, due to such things being heard! (7)
18 See 6 down
21 See 3 down
24 You'll have to show improvement before you can have one! (7)
26 A helper with the delivery? (7)
27 It certainly wouldn't become the Good Humor Man! (3-6)
28 The slightest sound is conveyed temporarily! (5)
29 Box, perhaps. (6)
30 An arrangement of the blues? Try blowing hard! (8)

DOWN

1 and 23 down What Victorian gentlewomen did, if fortunate? (Perhaps they hoped their prospective husbands were.) (6,6)
2 Commonly a tractor a female progenitor operated, or just a boat? (9)
3 and 21 across Racing sheet customers might hope their choices do. (3,4,2,4)
4 Some of those who fix their hair in waves? (7)
6 and 18 across They're not necessarily quick in the daytime—just very quiet. (3,4,2,5)
7 Might be caught raw, perhaps. (5)
8 In half a year, the rest seem different.
9 One might properly bring up something on it. (6)
16 This might be a defense the CIA barred, indirectly. (9)
17 See 10 across
19 Possibly the party of some female might go underground. (7)
20 When caused by rush-hour traffic, they could be nothing less than piteous! (3-3)
21 Its revolutionary movement carried certain people only one way. (7)
22 Rows about the minister? It sounds like nonsense with 5! (7)
25 All I lack is color inside! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1333

ACROSS: 1 Goal posts; 6 Lymph; 9 Forlorn; 10 Theorem; 12 Osprey; 13 Anon; 15 Overeats; 16 Andrew; 18 Drafts; 20 Normally; 24 Reform; 25, 28 and 7 The Ancient Mariner; 25, 15 down, 25, and 11 The Old Man and the Sea; 29 Fetched; 30 Diets; 31 Coleridge. DOWN: 1 Gaffs; 2 Air lane; 3 Proponents; 4 Sunspots; 5 Sitter; 6 Lied; 8 Hemingway; 14 Anemometer; 17 Colorful; 19 Article; 21 Latched; 22 Septic; 26 Endue; 27 and 23 Peasants.

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